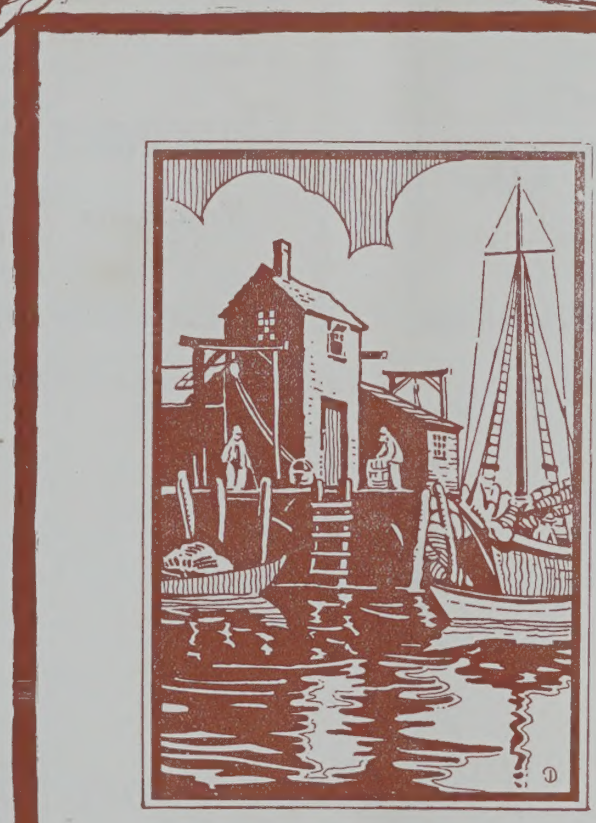
THE

CAPE ANN SHORE



ROCKPORT INNER HARBOR

Vol. XXXVIII

July 22, 1933

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GLOUCESTER, MASS.

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THE CAPE ANN SHORE

THIRTY-EIGHTH SEASON

Gloucester, Eastern Point, Bass Rocks, Long Beach, Briar Neck

Land's End, Rockport, Pigeon Cove, Annisquam and River Territory, Fernwood, Magnolia, Manchester and Essex County.

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Special Contents, July 22, 1933

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POEMS:
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"Surf and Rocks"
By Grace Everett

ART AND DRAMATIC
Being a Review of Theatrical Topics and the Artist Colony

"EVOLUTION"

IN GOOD OLD GLOUCESTER DAYS

MY LADY GOES SHOPPING
By C. Anne Shore

YACHTING OF THE WEEK

NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE SUMMER COLONY OF GREATER CAPE ANN

POINTS OF INTEREST

Gloucester, Cape Ann — First white man to visit its shores was Thorwald in 1004. Harbor called by Norsemen "Krossanes." Gosnold landed here in 1602 and found the place had been used as a base by Portuguese fishermen. In 1605 Champlain sailed by the Cape but did not land. The next year, September 1606, he entered the harbor which he named Le Beauport and made a map of it. Attacked by 200 Indians and sailed away the next day. In 1614 Capt. John Smith named it Cape Ann after Anne of Denmark, mother of King Charles I. First permanent settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1623.

Stage Fort Park at westerly entrance of city. Site of settlement of Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1623-24. Tablet in commemoration of that fact placed on face of large boulder. Conant, Half Moon and Stone beaches.

Rafe's Chasm and Norman's Woe. Scene of "Wreck of the Hesperus." At Magnolia, Hesperus avenue. Fissure in solid rock cliff is 60 feet deep and 12 feet wide.

Mother Ann profile in Stone discovered in 1892 by Capt. William Thompson of Salem at tip end of Eastern Point. Dog Bar breakwater extends from a half mile long, completed in 1904 and extends from this point. On Eastern Point are many of the show residences of the North Shore. "The Ramparts" occupies site of Fort Independence.

Ten Pound Island in outer harbor; government fish hatchery thereon. Used as sheep pasture in early days. Five Pound Island in inner harbor; both so named for amounts in colonial money originally sold for.

Thompson's mountain, or Mt. Anne, West Gloucester, highest elevation on the Cape, 255 feet above sea level. Fine view ranging from Mt. Agamenticus on Maine coast to Wachusett Mountain, Bunker Hill Monument to Boston Bay. Tract given over as reservation in memory of Lawrence Minot; thickly wooded, favorite picnic resort; reached from New Way Lane. Nearby is Haskell's pond, from which city's water is secured.

Ravenswood Park, natural forest area extending from Fresh Water Cove to West Gloucester. Reached from Fresh Water Cove or the so-called Old Salem road, Western avenue. Mason Walton's cabin, "Hermit of Bond's Hill," on this road. Well worth frequenting.

Beacon or Governor's Hill, near center of city, from Washington street. Small reservation at top from which a fine view may be obtained.

Dogtown Commons, site of deserted Revolutionary settlement. Reached from Gee avenue, Riverdale. Fine example of boulder deposits of glacial period. "Whale's Jaw," best known of these boulders, at edge of common. Rocking stone, etc., now taken over by the city as a water shed.

Wharves skirting the water front, interesting as affording "close-up" of fish curing, etc.

Babson House, opposite Ellery House, erected by Col. John Low about 1745. Old slave pens in attic.

Main street, first known as Fore, afterwards as Front street. Principal business avenue. Laid out 1642. Middle street, paralleling Main, contains many old colonial houses and the Judith Sargent house, the grounds of which, originally extending to Main street have been restored.

On Middle street are the First Parish (Unitarian) Church, oldest in Gloucester; Independent Christian (Universalist) first Universalist society in America, church edifice erected 1805; St. John's Episcopal Church, Trinity Congregational Church and the First Baptist Church.

Sawyer Free Library and Reading Room, Middle street, adjoining Unitarian church. Interior fine specimen of colonial woodwork. Originally home of Thomas Sanders, merchant.

Old Town Hall Square, at junction of Middle and Washington streets. Beautiful American Legion Memorial building and monument on which was placed statue of Joan of Arc by Anna Vaughn Hyatt.

Fort Point, at western side of inner harbor, down Commercial street from Main, fortified in 1743. Now Italian quarter and rendezvous of fishermen of that nationality.

Drives around the Cape: Up Washington street, through Riverdale, past Annisquam, Bay View, Lanesville into Pigeon Cove, Rockport and completing the circuit to Gloucester. Almost a continuous ocean view, which was completed when the Bass Rocks-Land's End stretch was completed.

Beaches: Little Good Harbor and Long Beaches, between Bass Rocks and Land's End, Rockport. Wingaersheek Beach, West Gloucester, largest on Cape, two miles long, 600 feet deep at low tide; reached from Essex avenue, West Gloucester, down Concord street.

Quarries at Bay View and Pigeon Cove, among largest in country, near main highway.

Blynman canal, first cut in 1642 by Rev. Richard Blynman, at Western entrance of city.

Drives: "Little Heater," "Dark Hole" at West Gloucester.

Old Salem road, first highway from the town, blazed out in 1626, when part of the settlers went to Salem. Down Hesperus avenue (discontinued in 1892) to Salem. Name erroneously applied to Old Pest House road, leading through Ravenswood park from Western ave.

"LIFE LET US CHERISH"

Authorship uncertain but may be Grantland Rice

Give me a battle to fight,
Worthy of courage high,
There let me prove my right
Or let me striving die.
What of the weak who fall?
What of the danger rife?
I am in love with it all—
I am in love with life!

Heroes are common clay,
Conquerors are but men;
Courage has blazed their way,
Courage will win again!
Will makes the man a god—
Then shall I shirk the strife?
Better beneath the sod—
I am in love with life!

Weaklings the combat are fleeing,
Cowardice leans on time;
Strength is the glory of being,
Love makes our strength sublime!
On with the battle of might!
Brave hearts for drum and fife!
Glorious is the fight—
I am in love with life!

FROM ONE TWENTY-FIFTH TO ONE-THIRD IN SIXTY YEARS

Following the Black Friday panic in 1869 came the panic of 1873. In that year Gloucester became a city. Then the summer resort interest paid about ONE TWENTY-FIFTH of the taxes.

Nearly twenty years later the city celebrated its 250th anniversary of incorporation as a town. In the intervening twenty years there were four major business recessions all over the land. Nevertheless in 1892 the summer interest paid ONE-SEVENTH of the taxes. Quite an increase in that period.

From 1892 to 1933 there have been four major depressions. Yet at the end of the forty years in between the summer resort interest paid ONE-THIRD of the total taxation. This is food for thought. During eight major business depressions there has never been a year when Gloucester has not gone ahead. In 1873 the assessed valuation was about $9,000,000. Today in 1933 it is nearly $45,000,000, five times as much as in '73. Such is the record of the past 60 years. These figures carry their own commentary. Gloucester will continue to grow in wealth and valuation.

NEW ENGLAND'S ENGLISH

Effort Being Made to Preserve the Pronunciation Pure and Undefiled According to the Best Harvard Manner and as Handed Down by the Forefathers.

A FEW MONTHS AGO a bequest was received by a Massachusetts city the interest of which is to be paid annually to that pupil who throughout his school course has spoken the English language most correctly after the Harvard manner.

The Harvard manner, it is to be presumed, is that of the old English stock which brought over the speech and pronunciation of their ancestors and passed it down practically as it had been received no doubt by reason of the fact that not until the Civil War was any perceptible influx of the foreign element to inject any corruption in this respect.

Probably right here in Essex county up to the seventies English as it was passed down from the first settlers was spoken in its original purity more than in any other section. The broad "a" was its distinguishing feature. It was in the use of this initial letter that the sound "r" was enunciated even more clearly than in words containing that letter, which was softened and without the suspicion of a burr although not eliminated entirely as is the case of the speech of the southern people of the pure English stock. The sound "o" was up to the time indicated pronounced as more of the short "a" with the "a" accented as "caow" for "cow."

And this is pure English undefiled. You may hear it today in the cockney of the east end of London or in the midlands as accentedly as ever given forth by the Yankee farmer or the comedian who attempted to caricature it on the stage by an exaggerated rendition. The Oxford speech today the standard of all English the world over is but a glorified cocaigne. The Oxonian uses the broad "a" and the "ao" sound exactly as the Essex county (New Englander) of the old school. In fact in some of our country districts it may be heard from some of the old octogenarians of today.

Then what is the Harvard speech? For it may be added that Harvard as the oldest university in this country of English origin may arrogate and take unto itself just as does Oxford in the Mother country the duty of formulating and holding fast to what should be the pronunciation of the cultivated classes of New England.

Going among a crowd of Harvard students of today and checking up on the pronunciation the observer of this thing would be at a loss to say just what is the dictum of the well educated and indoctrinated New England Harvard man.

Some years ago one of this class was elected speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. In the routine of the vote accounting the word pass is frequently used. This man pronounced the word as all educated Englishmen and New Englanders do, with the broad "a." A few boors in the membership, perhaps Americans in the first generation, sought to make a crude joke out of the matter by mimicking the pronunciation of the speaker, but were soon put in their place and taught good manners.

* * * * *

Down here in Gloucester we have held fast to the old English style. We say *molarses,* we *pars* by the door, we have an *advahntage* over the other fellow and we take a *charnce.* The alien race influx has never been sufficiently strong to break or modify this pronunciation. The first to come here shortly after the Civil War in any volume were the Portuguese who settled mainly in the Dog hill section at the eastern part of the town. Meeting the offspring of one of these now a man in his seventies and casually engaging him in conversation disclosed the fact that he spoke English in pure and undefiled Dog hill fashion, broad "a's" and all, as well as any Yankee of the old stock. He was a joy to meet and converse with.

The same may be noted among the children of the Lanesville Finns—the most literate of any alien race that has come to the cape. There the old style language persists and the children of the Finns have imbibed it in all its purity.

There is a tendency in some ill-posted quarters to roll the "r" somewhat after

(Continued on page 14)

DOWN TO THE SEA

I sit beside the water as the
night begins to lower,
And watch the fishing boats at anchor
along the distant shore.

The shadows creep or caper among
the spars and sails,
As the twilight steals upon them,
and slowly daylight fails.

Soon the black forms slumber, and
in their dreams they speak
Of the pleasures, of the dangers
they encounter week by week.

Comes a vision of the loved ones whom
the sailors leave on shore,
Who hope and pray for safety till
the ships return once more.

Faintly sounds the roar of tempests they
must weather while abroad,
When the Captain and the sailors
reverently pray to God

To guard them, and protect them, and
strengthen their frail ship
To ride the gale, and once again to
make their homeward trip.

"Bow your head in honor," these black
figures say to me,
"Honor for the fishermen who sail
on every sea.

"They sail that you may banquet"; —
I hear a soft refrain, —
"Some sail away out yonder, and
ne'er return again.

"So bare your head, and bend your knee,
and offer up a prayer
For the beloved ones who trust,
and the fishermen who dare."

SURF AND ROCKS

With a roar and a swish comes the water —
Pale blue and emerald green, —
Comes rolling in half broken billows
With deep gutted valleys between.

On and ever onward till it strikes
The rocky shore, —
Great brown masses of ragged rock,
That stand like a fast closed door.

Then the glorious surf splashes skyward
In downy pillows of mist,
Like gauzy clouds of rainbow fluff
By the merry sunshine kissed.

Each little puff floats higher,
Higher than the rest,
Then daintily drifts away seaward
To fall on the ocean's crest.

For THE SHORE by Grace Everett, Norwood, Mass., Guest at The Rockaway, East Gloucester.

Art and Dramatic

LITTLE THEATRE

Noel Coward's rapier wit found worthy exponents in the exceedingly clever cast which presented "Hay Fever" at the Gloucester School of the Little Theatre last week. This group of actors, most of whom were very young, showed an amazing grasp of the technique of comedy, and gave to the production a smoothness not often encountered on the amateur stage.

Mr. Coward's play offers ample opportunity for characterization, for each person in the cast is given a definite type to portray.

The two young Blisses, David and Sorel, played respectively by Richard Sullivan and Honora Bruere, were delightful. They brought to their roles freshness, charm and humor.

Katherine Raht portrayed Mrs. Bliss, their mother, who had once been a celebrated actress, and had never quite gotten over it. Her faculty of dramatizing every situation into which she was drawn had the audience roaring with laughter whenever she appeared on the stage.

David, her husband, who desired above all else to be left alone to write his novel, "The Sinful Woman," but who was quite capable

(Continued on page 21)

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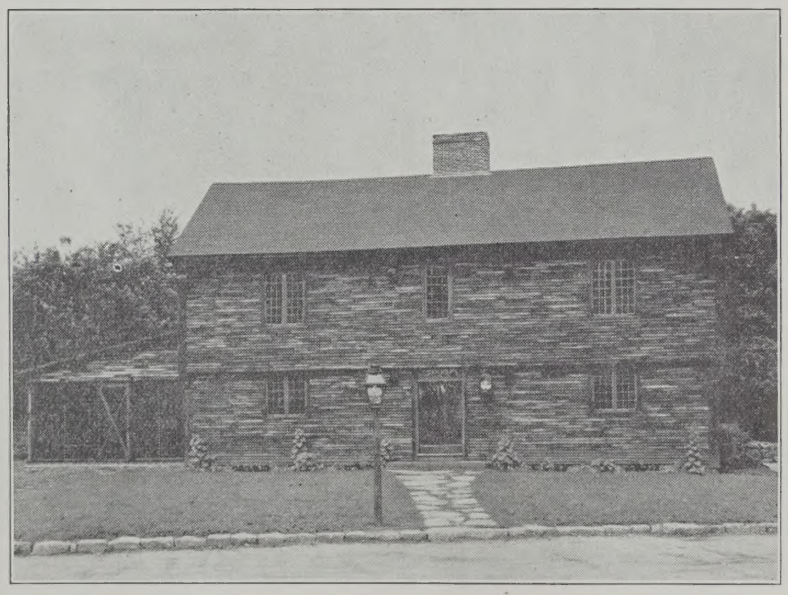

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DORIC GALLERY

The Doric Gallery in Pigeon Cove opened July 16 with an interesting exhibition of oils, water colors, black and whites, and sculpture. Such well known artists as Aldro Hibbard, Nicola D'Ascenzo, Prescott M. M. Jones, Harrison Cady, Galen Perrett, and Frederic L. King have contributed small canvases which are very reasonably priced.

Several excellent marines are being shown in this collection. In "Storm" Harry Leith-Ross, A.N.A., has captured the motion of a turbulent sea. Anthony Thieme's ships are painted in his characteristically Dutch manner. Parker Perkins, Galen Perrett, and the Reverend Phillips Osgood have chosen to portray rocks and sea, each in a distinctly different style. Other notable marines have been contributed by Yarnall Abbott, J. M. Buckley, F. L. King, and W. M. Aikman.

Aldro Hibbard is showing a winter landscape which is beautiful in lighting and color contrast. In "Rainy Day," Harry A. Vincent has succeded in depicting an effect of mist, and the luminous quality of the wet street is excellent.

One room of the Gallery is de-

(Continued on page 22)

"WHEN YOU WERE A TADPOLE and I WAS A FISH"

Some Reminiscences of Langdon Smith, Newspaper Man, Who Made Rockport Headquarters Years Ago --- His Poem "Evolution" a Classic

HAS the great American novel been written? Every now and then speculation is rampant among the intelligentsia as to the appearance of the literary Messiah from whose fecund brain is to emanate that epochic production. Perchance such a writer is now in embryo ready to burst on the coming generation. But if deponent may be permitted to venture an opinion of the "Scarlet Letter" purely American in every sense. Perchance some may bring forward Edgar Allen Poe — in prose as well as poetry — and we will not challenge the selection.

All this, however, but the foreword to the now and then series of articles which have appeared in this periodical as to "famous men we have known who have visited Cape Ann."

another newspaper man whose effusion won the praise of Charles A. Dana of the *Sun* as outstanding. Its theme was the Milesian boss dominating his gang of trench-digging "Dagoes."

Did you ever stop to think how many have gained lasting fame as the author of but one outstanding production? Yet such is the rule rather than the exception. They may have written much but

Headquarters, Cape Ann Scientific, Literary and Historical Association, Pleasant Street, Gloucester.

it is that such a writer and production has already appeared and to add that his name and production has passed the sufficient test of time to warrant its niche in the hall of fame of the survival of the fittest — "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Passing from the debate pro and con which this may (or may not) engender speculation naturally arises as to the great American poet and his outstanding production. May we again hazard a nomination — Longfellow and "Hiawatha" the latter as in the case

Denver Smith, as he was known among his newspaper intimates is now steadily gaining in posthumous poetical renown from his poem "Evolution" which grows more and more in popular favor as the years go on. I base this on the requests which the editor of the poet's corner of one of the country's leading dailies, *The Boston Globe,* receives and for which the type is kept standing. Albeit Mark Sullivan in enumerating the popular songs and poems of the "gay nineties" does not include "Evolution" but does quote the verses of

the most if not all is mediocre and unread. Mere chance has redeemed many an aspirant for fame from obscurity. Bayard Taylor sought immortality as an historian and essayist. His output goes unread except by a very few. By chance he wrote "The Bedouin Love Song." A musical genius furnished an equally strong setting and the song goes down the century as one of the sure-fire shots in the baritone's bag o' tricks.

Since the death of Thackeray, Tennyson for more than a half century was

the only Englishman who wrote consistently on a high level and his fame keeps steadily growing. In the past thirty years Kipling has arisen to carry on the torch. His "Recessional" alone would entitle him to immortality. His "Mandalay" and "Danny Deever" will always be big artillery among the tenor robustos.

Similarly Hawthorne carries on in prose on this side; Longfellow somewhat so and there the count ends as far as America is concerned.

To a newspaper man, Langdon Smith has come the distinction of writing one of these chance fledglings of fancy which seem destined to redeem his name from obscurity. Smith was originally a telegraph operator in a newspaper office in Denver. The call of the big city beckoning he cast his destiny in New York and to differentiate him from the host of those of the same name in the ranks of the fraternity he was christened forthright on his appearance Denver Smith. He soon rose to the top ranks as a "star reporter" on his merits rather than through pull and his work attracted much attention.

That Smith was a man of deep reading with a strong vein of sentiment and the poetic in his composition was evident from his production of the poem "Evolution."

It betokens a fine type of mind clean-cut to the finish. It connotes a delving into the recesses of the most intriguing phases of science the origin of life, always upward to its ultimate production—woman. Imagination runs riot although albeit coordinated with cold science. But always cleanly and high minded — such is Langdon Smith's cynical newspaper man's concept of womanhood.

In the touch and go of the newspaper game I became acquainted with Denver Smith. Some 30 years ago Uncle Sam's new navy outfit held battle evolutions off the New England coast for several seasons, with Rockport as a base. The New York papers sent their big shots to cover the evolutions while the Boston publications relied upon their district men. Naturally the New Yorkers, strangers on the spot and locale, relied more or less upon the locals.

There were night evolutions keeping the newspaper fraternity on its toes for the entire twenty-four hours. Smith at that time was at the end of his tether. Grown old and over-stout the strain bore heavily on him.

Notwithstanding this one of his metropolitan associates thought to play a fine joke on Smith. With some of his entourage in which others did not join a shout was set up in the hotel corridors that the "enemy" had taken the town. This was about one in the morning. Big news for the morning paper. Poor Smith thus inveigled out of a rest that he sorely needed—proceeded laboriously toward Dock sq. in his pajamas eager to get the particulars. He found later that he had been fooled. Wearily he made his way back to the hotel and got the laugh from the other following. The man had high ranking in his profession but I never could see him after that. He lacked the fundamentals for which a gentleman, as he claimed to be, has the most regard—consideration, especially for an opponent approaching his end.

Denver Smith has covered his last assignment.

"And Death shall come amain;
Should it come today, what man may say
We shall not live again."

EVOLUTION

By Langdon Smith

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled and our senses thrilled,
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath and death by death,
We followed the chain of change
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull
And tusked like the great cave bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell over the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn
Where the mammoth came to drink —
Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin,
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof
We fought and closed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With rude and hairy hand,
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood and the right of might,
E'er human laws were drawn,
And the age of sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight, in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's;
Your eyes are as deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair as dark as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet —

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come amain;
Should it come today, what man may say
We shall not live again.

Then as we linger at luncheon here
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I was a fish.

CAPE ANN HISTORICAL HOUSE

The Cape Ann Historical House in Pleasant st. is open through July and August from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. This house is most interesting from the fact that each room is furnished as a unit and is truly representative of Gloucester's past and present. The association controls the entire edition of "Illustrated Dogtown" and "Along the Old Roads of Cape Ann" and has also for sale "Through Old Gloucester" by Mary Brooks.

MAGNOLIA AND THE COUNTYSIDE

DEL MONTE'S

Many prominent North Shore residents have chosen Del Monte's as the scene of their dinner parties during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Pickhardt of West Newton gave a party of twenty-four covers in honor of their niece, Miss Katherine Woods, whose marriage to Mr. Duncan Morgan of West Newton took place Tuesday, July 18.

Others entertaining at the famous Moorish casino were Hugh Ward of Beverly Farms, with a party of 12; Mr. and Mrs. Howland Seabury, also of Beverly Farms, with a party of 8; John Morrill with a party of 10; Mrs. Ann Paulton of Manchester with a party of 15; Elizabeth Sutphin of Bass Rocks with a party of 12; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Lee of Ocean House, Swampscott, with a party of 14; Harry Fessenden of Magnolia with a party of 8; Mrs. Lucille Smith of Manchester with a party of 12.

The Magnolia Beach Club and Essex County Club will hold a combined clam bake at the Beach Club on Saturday, July 22 (today), to be followed by a dance at which Ruby Newman's and the Californian orchestras have been engaged to play.

Swimming races are held every Friday at the Beach Club at three o'clock. Different classes compete under the able direction of William T. Lynch of the Boston Swimming Association.

Arrivals at the North Shore Inn: Ingrid Akesson, M. Lorimer, Mrs. Eveschka Miller, Boston; Mrs. A. Berenson, Elizabeth Berenson, Brookline; Misses S. V. and M. Z. Sylvester, Katherine Duffy, Bernice Langenfeld, Dorchester; Vincent Short, Hingham; Leslie Irvine, Marguerite Waters, Daisy Latimer, L. J. Davies, New York City; Mrs. William Abeel, William Abeel, Mrs. Alfred Abeel, Waco, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. P. Jacobson, Canada; Mrs. N. K. Laflamme, Arthur Laflamme, Miss Armitage, Montreal.

Arrivals at the Oceanside: L. R. Bolton, Boston; Olga Acosta, Florence Robinson, Mrs. Victor M. Delamofer, Mary Delamofer, Bronxville; Mrs. Chapman Smith, Isabella DeWolf, Eleanor F. Young, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Dunham, Upper Montclair; Miss B. Quinlan, Cincinnati.

H.M.S. "DUNDEE" IN PORT

Officers and Crew Receive Cordial Reception from Municipality and Citizenry.

THERE arrived in the roadstead on the afternoon of July 14 H.M.S. *Dundee*, a medium-sized cruiser of the Royal Navy billeted for a ten days' stay after which she will proceed to Portsmouth, Bar Harbor and other ports along the coast.

It is only since the Great War that British ships have paid the Atlantic seaboard the honor of such a visit undoubtedly thinking ancient prejudices might arise and manifest themselves. But Gloucester, Eng., and Gloucester, Mass., had so long established cordial and fraternal courtesies and visitations that the British Admiralty felt warranted in designating Gloucester its initial port of call. This was done several years ago. The reception was so cordial on the part of all strata of the population that the visit was repeated last year by H.M.S. *Heliotrope* and a repetition of the mutual courtesies ensued.

The following letter addressed to Mayor Parker will be apposite at this point:

British Consulate-General,
Boston, U. S. A.

July 12, 1933.

Sir:—I have the honour to inform you that His Majesty's Ship Dundee will visit your city, arriving on July 14th, next, and leaving July 20th.

I beg leave to express my appreciation of the hospitable reception with which His Majesty's vessels visiting Gloucester in the past have always been greeted, and I trust that the impending visit of His Majesty's Ship Dundee will prove to be as productive of mutual esteem and regard as have been previous visits of units of the Royal Navy.

I am, Your Honour,

Your obedient servant,

F. E. Evans,
Acting British Consul General.

His Honour, The Mayor of Gloucester, Mass.

Officers and personnel of the *Dundee* at this writing have been banqueted and entertained both by the municipality, permanent and summer residents in a manner which leaves no doubt in the minds of the British tars that the same warm and genuine hospitality will always await similar expression on future visits.

Miss Violet Gratz-Brown of New York has been visiting Miss Elizabeth Hammond for two weeks. Among the house guests at the Hammond residence are Mrs. Sydney A. Cloman of Washington, D. C., Miss Eileen Karri-Davies, of London, and Professor C. K. Judy of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena. Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hammond of New York will arrive the last of the week to spend the season.

MRS. J. HARRINGTON WALKER

The death of Mrs. Walker occurred Tuesday night at her residence in the Shore road. She was in her 70th year. Her maiden name being Talman. The Walkers came here some 35 years ago from Detroit and have been annual summer residents. Mr. Walker who died some years ago was connected with the firm of Hiram Walker Sons of Detroit and Walkerville, Ont. Mrs. Walker leaves three children.

MANCHESTER

Mrs. John L. Thorndike has had as a guest recently Miss Ellen C. Parker.

Miss Charlotte Denny, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Parkman Denny of "Indian Meadow," has been a guest of Miss Nancy Cabot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cabot of Jamaica Plain.

Miss Priscilla Phelan is named as one of the committee of arrangements for one of the important social events of the fall, the dance to be held at the Hotel Somerset, Nov. 24, the night before the great Harvard-Yale football game.

Mrs. William D. Sohier, Jr., and Miss Edith Fabens are members of the committee of arrangements for the series of modern plays to be presented on the promenade deck of the Hotel Rockmere in Marblehead. Mrs. Lloyd T. Brown, is one of the sponsors.

The first of the season's society charity entertainments of the season was held Saturday at the summer home of Miss Elizabeth Putnam at Smith's Point, when "Mr. Punch's Workshop" was the attraction with two performances at 3 and 9 o'clock P. M. for the benefit of the Home and School Visitor's Association. Miss Charlotte Denny was head usher and was assisted by Miss Lee McKean and Miss Anne Sortwell, all débutantes of the present season.

Mrs. S. V. R. Crosby held an exhibition and sale of articles from the Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Exchange, 355 Boylston st., at her lovely estate at Manchester Saturday.

The ladies assisting were Mrs. Boylston Beal, Mrs. Bernard C. Weld, Mrs. Franklin Dexter, Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, Mrs. Pierpont L. Stackpole and Mrs. Arthur Davis.

The Misses Cordner of Boston are among the late arrivals on the shore, having just opened their cottage on Masconomo street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, 2nd are spending a few weeks in Europe before returning to their Coolidge Point estate about the middle of August.

The Misses Priscilla and Virginia Phelan are enjoying a ten days' visit in Detroit, Mich., the former as a guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Phelan, Jr., at Grosse Pointe while Miss Virginia is a guest of Miss Mary Blair, a classmate at Miss Porter's school, also a resident at Grosse Pointe.

Mrs. Nathaniel Tyler Lane and Mrs. Josephine L. Carter are guests for the season of their sister, Miss Belle Lane, at "Overledge" cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stedman Hanks are expected at their West Manchester estate this fall after spending the summer in Washoe Valley, in Nevada. They are accompanied by Mr. Hanks' son Roger. Mr. Hanks' marriage to Mrs. Claire Prince Wolcott took place in Aberdeen, S. D., early in May last.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcien Jenckes of Griggs rd., Brookline, are new arrivals in Manchester, having leased a cottage on Masconomo street.

RING MISLAID BY GUEST RECOVERED

LAST Friday, July 14, it was reported at the police station that an eight-carat diamond ring, the property of Mrs. Fred Hoffman a guest at the Oceanside, was missing from the washroom where the owner, while washing her hands, had removed it forgetting to replace it on leaving. Discovering her loss, she returned to the room but no trace of the ring was found. Police Lieut. John J. Curtis was assigned to the case. On investigating he ascertained that two women had been in the room at the same time as Mrs. Hoffman, one a saleswoman who was a guest of the hotel. Lieut. Curtis thought she might know something about the matter. At first she denied all knowledge but the Inspector taking a long chance stated that he knew she had it, that the management of the hotel had planted the ring there for the sole purpose of testing the honesty of the employees. At this she broke down and admitted that she had found the ring and had taken it to her room intending to return it. On questioned why the delay she said a woman about that time came to her room and wanted to look at some of her samples. The matter was dropped by consent of the owner.

The quick and clever ruse of the inspector undoubtedly resulted in the return of the ring. At the same time the question arises whether more care should be exercised in matters of this kind. Under the stress of circumstances prevailing at present the finder, perhaps an honest woman up against a financial proposition, finds a ring or article of jewelry. Then comes the temptation which would prove too strong for ninety-nine out of a hundred so placed—people of average honesty.

Here is the reasoning, "These people have plenty of money. This ring will relieve me and my family who are suffering the common needs. They have enough. So why not take it?" And they do, feeling that the end justifies the act and no one really suffers. That the woman in question in the present instance was no resourceful criminal is evidenced from the fact that she might have secreted the ring outside the hotel during the night. Then if confronted she would have said, "I know nothing of it. Search my room as you will. Others might have come in the washroom before the loss was discovered." And there would be the perfect alibi, court-proof. A clever woman with the criminal bent would have secreted the ring outside beyond recovery. The writer is willing to wager that he will secrete a ring in the room beyond detection. Some years ago a clever one-act drama, "A Scrap of Paper," from the French was the vogue. It dealt with the theme that an important slip of paper, stolen, was known to be secreted in a certain room. The cleverest detectives of the Bureau of Suretie tore the room and furnishings up from wall to wall and floor to ceiling but without success. Yet it was there, as was shown after the departure of the detectives.

STAGE COACH INN

Stage Coach Inn enjoyed good patronage during the past week in spite of the inclement weather, and was the scene of several interesting parties.

Mrs. Ditmark entertained five at a party in honor of Dr. Lancashire, and Mrs. Adeline D. Moses of East Gloucester and Washington, D. C., was hostess to Mrs. C. H. Wicks and Mrs. George Crosby.

Others who brought their guests to the Inn were Mrs. Albert Trenor of Gloucester, with a party of 5; Mrs. M. P. Lewis of Beverly Farms, with a party of 4; Mrs. Mason Whittemore with a party of 5; Mrs. John Crowley of Westwood, with a party of 6.

Among those dining at the Inn were: Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike Howe and Thorndike Howe Jr. of Gloucester; Mrs. Frank S. Deland of Marblehead; Mrs. Hugh Byrd of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Inbressen of Ohio; Mrs. K. H. Thielscher of Buffalo; Mrs. E. F. de Monseigle and Anita de Monseigle of Belmar, N. J.; Mrs. James Barrett and Mrs. F. E. Barrett of Hartford.

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Del Monte's is available for private engagements such as DINNERS, LUNCHEONS, BRIDGE PARTIES, BENEFITS and any other social affair

EAST GLOUCESTER

The Gallery-on-the-Moors proved a most fitting place for the show of the Cape Ann Garden Club, by courtesy of Mr. William E. Atwood. There was a wide range in the exhibits the weather conditions making for a display seldom equalled.

The judges were Mrs. Charles Proctor of Swampscott, Mrs. Robert Cushman, Miss Mary Cunningham, Miss Frances Curtis, Miss Helen Guild and Miss Mary F. Power. Those in charge of the exhibit included Miss Alice Scott, chairman, who entertained her assistants at lunch, Mrs. Francis Brewer, Mrs. Fred G. Boyce Jr., Miss Louise Condit, Mrs. Mary Anderson Case and Miss Anne Pugh.

Among the prize winners were Miss Eleanor H. Jones of Magnolia, Mrs. Samuel H. Pillsbury, Miss Anne Pugh, Mrs. Charles H. Norton, Mrs. Sumner Andrew, Kate Boyce, Mrs. Guy Cunningham, Mrs. Jacob L. Loose, Mrs. Harry H. Walker, Mrs. Harry T. Harmon, Mrs. Bratenahl, Mrs. Laurence A. Brown and Mrs. T. Chittenden Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel P. Glass and daughter, Sarah Ellen, are occupying their summer home on Mt. Pleasant ridge. Mr. and Mrs. Glass spent the winter in California, making the trip to and from by auto and report a pleasurable experience. The highways were in excellent condition in the main and the innkeepers hospitable and helpful.

Miss Frances Hardon of Washington and Boston is located during the season with Mrs. Alphonso Davis in Mt. Pleasant ave.

Arrivals at the Fairview: Mary G. Bradford, Cambridge; Caroline D. Norris, Viola M. Devries, Towson, Md.; Mrs. Nelly Innes Hay, New Orleans.

Arrivals at the Delphine: Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Congden, Northampton; Miss W. F. Tourtillot, Utica; Mrs. George G. Glave, New York City; Mrs. James D. Pratt, Philadelphia; Margaret E. Chism, Pikesville, Maryland.

Arrivals at Merrill Hall: Marion Toole, Alice H. Manning, Doris H. Doane, Northampton; Hannah Scott, Louis Barnett, Miss L. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Sharps, New Britain; Mrs. H. P. Charlesworth, Roger Charlesworth, South Orange; Virginia Rosenmeyer, Lucille Murch, St. Louis; Jane Strain, Florence Guild, Indianapolis; Luella Newell, Helen A. King, Chicago.

Arrivals at the Rockaway: M. Emily Zerbe, Mrs. Elizabeth Donnelly, Alice Donnelly, Elizabeth Donnelly, Tom C. Bingham, Emma L. Byam, Boston; Rita York, Myrick; Margaret Hardy, Waltham; T. C. Alexander, F. H. Keyes, Newtonville; Mr. and Mrs. Philip W. Simons, William P. Simons, Richard F. Simons, Springfield; Helen Worth, Mrs. Mary Worth, Mrs. J. W. Clarkson, Stella F. Clarkson, Mrs. H. P. Murray, Jessica Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Park, Worcester; Margaret Holmes, Brookline; Mrs. Thomas E. Cody, Gardner; Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, Miss Jefferson, Philip Jefferson, Marlboro; Ruth Thompson, Greenwich; Mrs. Roscoe T. Holt, Portland; Mrs. Edward Tethner, East Blue Hill, Me.; Noel Cropley, Nina Nikiforoff, Mrs. Charles L. Holt, New York City; Mrs. Austen P. Evans, Montrose; Mrs. H. E. Haass, John Mayo, Georgia Leuthstrom, Chicago; Theodore M. Farrell. Katherine L. Farrell, Edward F. Beale, 3rd, Mary Weldon Stewart, Marie E. Kennedy, Natalie H. Davis, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. W. Smyth, Miss M. S. Smyth, Melrose Park, Pa.; Miss M. G. Mather, Langhorn, Pa.; Mrs. Joseph Blake, Jr., Jenkintown, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hillman, East Orange; Mrs. C. M. Hardenbergh, Lillian E. Mathias, Minneapolis; Mrs. C. W. Blow, Thomas R. Blow, St. Louis; Jessica Wallwork, Wilmington; Mrs. George Kennedy, Washington.

Arrivals at Hawthorne Inn: Edward T. Kelly, William Jardine, Mrs. John H. Conhey, Caroline Ticknor, Edith Ticknor, Boston; Mrs. P. S. Johnson, Brookline; Mrs. Hooper Wakefield, Dedham; Mrs. W. M. Storrs, Hartford; Mrs. Grace Robbins, Miss K. Brennan, Mrs. Albert L. Longley, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Allen, Florence Nottingham Taylor, Miss Annin, W. Morton Corden, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Grinleese, Margaret Pittman, New York City; Dorothy Billington, Rye; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Longley, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Zaber, Flushing; Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Carpenter, Mrs. Sockman, Summerville, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Atherton, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Carman, Urbana; Clara B. Kuchnle, Cleveland; Stephen G. Vickery, Baltimore; Mrs. A. F. Hopper, Toronto.

BASS ROCKS

Clovelly-by-the-Sea, the Bass Rocks summer home of Mrs. Edward B. Sargent of Cincinnati in Beach rd. was the scene of a gathering of North Shore summer folk all day Tuesday when a special sale under the auspices of the New England Farm and Garden Shop was held. A variety of the tools and implements used in gardening in addition to hooked rugs, aprons, sweets, cookies, tarts and jellies and bridge prizes, etc., met a ready sale. The committee in charge included Mrs. Walter G. Resor, chairman, Mrs. James D. Colt, Mrs. George U. Crocker, Mrs. Horace S. Frazer, Mrs. Edward C. Moore, Mrs. Edward R. Nash, Mrs. James W. Newell, and Mrs. Edgar N. Wrightington, and their assistants, Mrs. Frank C. Brown, Mrs. Laurence A. Brown, Mrs. Guy Cunningham, Mrs. Samuel H. Pillsbury, Mrs. Whitman Ware and Miss Louise Condit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Stoddard and family of Worcester are occupying the Kimball cottage which they have made their summer home for several seasons.

George E. Pierce and family of Waban are again in occupancy of the Gilbert cottage on Atlantic rd.

Arrivals at the Moorland: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Whittlesey, Mr. Whittlesey, Miss Whittlesey, Pittsfield; J. Redding Kelly, Miss C. D. Deyo, New York City; Miss E. Deyo, Miss M. Deyo, Newburgh; Mrs. M. L. Clark, Raymond Richardson, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Nichols, Glenridge, N. J.; Miss K. L. Marston, Merion, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Heyl of Cincinnati are occupying the Tufts cottage which they had last season.

Mrs. Lorena Goshorn and family of Montreal are this season's occupants of the Worden house in Beach rd.

The Robinson estate, "Rock Acres," one of the show places of the North Shore, will be occupied as last year by Martin Erdmann of New York.

Miss Emma Eastwick of Philadelphia, who annually makes her summer home at the Hardwick cottage, has returned for the season.

THE ROCKPORT SHORE

IF THERE BE a lovelier and more idyllic spot than along this section of country deponent knows it not. All along the roadside the old stone walls and fences are covered with a profusion of Dorothy Perkins and crimson ramblers massed in artistic and unstudied profusion. Notably is this so along the Headlands to Land's End, a veritable seaside Arcady. While Rockport has lost from an industrial standpoint, she has gained by the infusion of that desirable class of people dependent on incomes, to whom the fascination of village and town life appeals. These have come and with good taste have kept the old-style architecture unspoiled. A more desirable example of the old New England seacoast town it would be hard to find.

Now I am aware that some of the unthinking say, "What good are the summer residents?" They don't put much money in the pockets of labor." Well, let's look into that. Rockport has, let us say, approximately 800 summer homes large and small. Well, the tax gatherer gets these—so much velvet—to keep down the rate. Most of these people are well to do. Many are here most of the year. They keep up their houses. Every year practically all spend quite sizable sums for repairs, painting, plumbing, building stone walls, caretakers around the place, laundry for the women of the place, boat building, chandlery and other avenues of trade. In the aggregate these amount to a considerable sum for labor in the course of the season and help tide over the winter. Suppose it were eliminated. What then?

The truth is that one of the greatest industries we have is the resort interest constantly growing. Europe has found it so and expends big sums advertising in this country. France, bankrupt at the close of the Great War, has the second largest amount of gold in its treasury, most of it from the pockets of American tourists. England also gets a major share and fosters the business carefully. Taxes and all, including water rates, etc., the summer industry brings into this town close to $200,000 net. Here's one to figure out. How big a proportion of taxation came from Rockport's summer residents twenty-five years ago? How much of a proportion today? And the same holds good in many another place. Take Manchester, about the size of this town, figure out the situation there. Nevertheless, a good-sized industry, say a quarry revival, would make good framing in the picture and give a certain desirable variety to the economic equation.

I notice one of the small gambrel-roofed houses (circa 1700) which stood at the bend of the Main st. just before rounding into the center of the town has been removed. It should have been allowed to remain as a "museum piece," so to speak, of the architecture of the early settlers.

Things look prosperous down at the Sandy Bay Yacht Club house. There are now six classes in the fleet, a sizable number at each sendoff, and the interest is growing and a little later there promises to be an accession and perhaps the addition of a larger class. This latter is based on the fact that the triangle Trident formerly owned by Philip Tucker of Eastern Point has been bought by one of the club members and I hear that one or two boats from down New York way have been secured and are being towed to port and will be enrolled in the fleet. Few of the present generation recall the old Sandy Bay club—the clubhouse was about on the site of the present building—when Leander M. Haskins, Howard Paul, Robert Herne, Gilbert T. Margeson and others were among those owning and sailing boats. Of these Mr. Margeson is the only one as far as can be recalled of the original boat owners now living. It was the writer's pleasure to sail in several of these craft during the races—regattas they were then called.

Gilbert T. Margeson, probably the dean of the artist colony on Cape Ann, is busily engaged at his studio on Atlantic avenue on several marines and shore studies. Mr. Margeson stands at the head of his profession in the depiction of marine and shore views, particularly the varying moods of the sea and also for his accurate delineation

(Continued on page 19)

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EASTERN POINT

IN DEFENSE of the much-maligned fog. The sailors of H.M.S. *Dundee,* in port this week, must have felt quite at home during the prevalence of the east wind and fog. Verily the early navigators who happened on the coast in June—Capt. John Smith in this particular instance—made no mistake when he named it New England.

Quietly in a low breath we cuss it—the fog—out. But there is another side of the story. For the past two months the country west of New England has been suffering from intolerable heat and drought. Those fleeing from the heat to the seashore have welcomed the fog as a blessing. Sleeping under blankets was a luxury to write home about, an agreeable change for those from the great open spaces. However, the outlook is that the wind will stabilize to the southwest and we shall have some warmer weather right into September.

G. P. Baker of Cambridge and family are among the recent cottage arrivals. They are occupying the cottage on the corner of St. Louis ave.

Edmund Delbos and family of Grosse Pointe, Mich., who for a term of years have made Bass Rocks their summer home, have this season joined the Eastern Point colony. They have taken the Lucy Taggart house.

ANNISQUAM

James A. Reddy and family of Dorchester will spend the remainder of the season at "Wiryeya cottage," Dennison street.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll R. Swaney of Boston are at the Trull cottage, River rd.

Mrs. Eugene L. Howlett and daughter, Miss Ruth Howlett, of "Appletrees," have returned from a visit for a few days to Bar Harbor, Maine.

MILADY GOES SHOPPING

THE whole week had been terrible, but Sunday was worse. The trouble began at breakfast when it was discovered that there was no coffee. This was, and was admitted to be, entirely Chubby's fault, but the matter was not allowed to rest there. Aunt Gussie immediately began a tirade in which the salient points were Chubby's inability to remember anything at all, and his general heedlesssness, carelessness, and brainlessness.

He had, it seemed, been detailed to purchase several articles, all of which had been put down on a list that was later found in one of the drawing room ash-trays. Then, when he got in town, he had first of all gone to Blanchard's to buy a present for his girl. It was not at all necessary, his aunt had remarked, that he examine every piece of jewelry in the store. Every piece, unfortunately, was so alluring that it had taken him a good three-quarters of an hour to select the set of the very new white jewelry that was his final choice.

"Isn't it delectable, Jolyon?" he had asked his cousin later, "I know Jane will love this bracelet of white balls on elastic. Just lift it—no weight to it at all, though it looks heavy enough. The earrings are nice, too. I had a hard time deciding between the stub and the drop, but I think she likes the drop better. They'll look awfully spiffy with the necklace."

Aunt Gussie had nowhere near reached the end of her discourse on her nephew's deficiencies, and the absence of her usual coffee had done nothing to improve her temper.

"I should be interested to know, Chubby," she asked acidly, "exactly how you *did* spend yesterday afternoon. After you left Blanchard's—which must have been quite late—where did you go?"

"Well, I went to the Sterling store," replied her nephew, "and got all the things you wanted me to that I could remember. I got the cakes of Jergens soaps—all different perfumes—and some of Cashmere Bouquet, too, because I knew you liked them and they weren't nearly the price they are in other places. Oh, and I got those snapshots of you and Mervyn, and I had some of them enlarged to postcard size because that cost only a penny extra. They don't charge at all for the developing, you know, just for the printing—and you get twenty-four-hour service, too. Then I walked around and walked around trying to think what else it was you told me to get, till at last it dawned on me you said Mervyn was taking rub-downs with witch hazel now, so I bought a large bottle of that."

"It's a pity you didn't remember I was putting olive oil on my hair, too," remarked Mervyn, stretching out a long leg which knocked the toaster plug from the socket. "I didn't have a bit to put on last night, and of course I shan't have any tonight, either. It's really terribly annoying."

"Oh my deah!" mocked Chubby, "if I thought you really meant that I'd break in there tonight and get you some!"

"Oh yeah!" snarled Mervyn, "well, one thing you didn't neglect to do was to buy yourself a little electric stove, at Sterling's. I saw you when you smuggled it into your room, and I know you were cooking some sort of mess on it, because I could smell it."

"What's this?" cried Aunt Gussie, "has Chubby actually had a *stove* installed in his bedroom? Chubby, I want you to explain all this immediately."

"It was only a little grill," replied Chubby sulkily, and it only cost ninety-eight cents. I *did* fry a few onions on it last night because I got hungry and wanted a sandwich, but no one would have known it if Mervyn hadn't gone snooping around."

"I didn't snoop!" yelled Mervyn, "Mamma would have smelled those onions herself if she hadn't been sleeping on the other side of the house!"

"Chubby," said his aunt severely, "'What is done by night appears by day.' Now, I provide you with a liberal allowance; I permit you to live in my house this summer instead of that shack you have occupied other years. I ask no return for my generosity, but I *do* expect you to be satisfied with the excellent meals served you in my dining room. I distinctly disapprove of the idea of you gorging yourself on fried onions in the middle of the night. I will not have onions fried on the second floor."

"But I didn't fry them in my room, Aunt Gussie," protested Chubby, "I had the little stove out on the porch, and there was a cover on the pan the whole time."

"Enough!" cried Aunt Gussie. "We will say no more about that at present. Jolyon, ring for Banner to bring on the fish cakes. I like Gorton's fish cakes, and I want you to buy that kind always. Now, Chubby, perhaps you will tell us about your other purchases."

"Well," replied Chubby, helping himself liberally to the marmalade, "I went into L. E. Andrews as you told me to, but I forgot to ask about installing an oil burner. I know you told me to ask about their Silent Automatics," he added hastily, "but I walked into the wrong side of the store first, and found myself among the toy sail-boats. Of course I really had no intention of buying one of those, and I would never have done it if I hadn't happened to think that it was Robin's birthday next week. You know how crazy he is over sail-boats. And then of course I saw that lawn windmill and I knew immediately that my sister would love that for her garden, so take it all in all, the Silent Automatic went right out of my head."

"I see," said his aunt. "And if we all catch pneumonia this fall from not having the proper heating equipment, I suppose that will be all right with you!"

"E-e-e-e-e-k!" screamed the hitherto silent Minnie, unintentionally saving the situation. "Annie Laurie's jumped in my lap!"

"Beat it, Annie!" snapped Jolyon, snatching the cat from the terrified Minnie. And then: "Ouch! You little devil! That was a nasty bite!"

"I don't believe poor pussy has had her breakfast!" cried Aunt Gussie. "Diddy itty kitty want her brekky?"

"Ha-a-a-a-a-a!" hissed Annie Laurie.

"Banner, I want the cat to have her breakfast immediately."

"Yes, Madame."

"And I want her to have the liver that came with the order from First National Stores—you did remember to go into First National, Chubby?"

(Continued on page 18)

THE SHOPS OF GLOUCESTER

The Shops of Gloucester offer the largest and best chosen stocks of merchandise in Essex county selected by dealers who have studied the wants of the summer population for years. The prices have always been moderate and fair, a consideration which at the present time especially must appeal to all classes of people. Profits are not predicated on a two or three months business volume. They are here the year round. In Gloucester will be found the largest and best stocked department store in Essex county — the Boston store, the largest provision and grocery store — The First National, its principal establishment being in the center of the Main street shopping district. Its gift shops display is selected by those in touch with the wants of the summer people. Its drug stores are in the hands of men of years of careful training and experience, in fact all the various retailing activities, plumbing, hardware, etc., are specially stocked with goods for the summer trade and staffed by employees familiar with their wants.

In these stores you will be treated with consideration regarding fair prices and courtesy of treatment. Remember also that these men taxpayers have contributed sums aggregating into the millions to provide the facilities of good roads, pure water, fire and police protection which contribute to the general welfare. Cooperate with these people. *Shop in Gloucester.*

IN GOOD OLD GLOUCESTER DAYS

When a Woman Servant Could be Had for $13 a Year and Doctor's Bill for a Large Family for Six Months was $4.98, and a Girl's Tuition from Primary to Finishing School was Little More Than $10

(Note:—We are indebted to a lady of historic bent who prefers to remain anonymous for the subjoined excerpts from a stack of old bills turned into the archives of the Cape Ann Historical and Literary Society. To the student of local conditions bearing on a particular period they have much value, as for example that passage bearing on the wages paid to domestic servants. Think of getting a housemaid in these days for $13 a year who at the end of that term of service has drawn all her salary but ninety cents. And that service meant fifteen hours at least daily of the hardest kind of domestic work. Perhaps at Christmastime she received the present of an old dress which the domestic of today — eight hours and so many afternoons at from $8 to $15 per week — would disdain to throw in a rag bag.

For it marks a gradual rise in the emancipation of labor — female as well as male — from practical serfdom to self-respect. Three hundred years ago a workingman got perhaps sixpence per day and never saw money. Just prior to the time when this woman servant was employed a boy was "bound over," and apprenticed to his master for seven years for his board and keep and at the end of his term on reaching man's estate got a few dollars and his "freedom suit." If he went to Bunker Hill and was killed in battle as did several Gloucester apprentices his master got his bounty money or woolen coat promised for such service — which several of these Gloucester masters did.—Vide "Mass. Coat Roll Records."

A man who got a dollar a day and that day included from four in the morning to eight at night winter and summer, and work meant work in those days, was considered fortunate. After the Civil War wages went up to $2 and $2.50 if you were an extra good man at a ten hour day and on the job promptly at seven ready to work. As late as the early nineties a "girl" as the term went in Gloucester was had at $2.50 a week.

And then there is the physicians or medicine man's bill services and medicine all in one. The medical charge for the whole family for six months in 1814 was $4.98 — a bargain figure — and there comes little Mary's schooling looked after by some well meaning relatives ending up with her term at a "finishing school" at $2 for the term. Those were the good old days when thrift was indoctrinated thoroughly into the Yankee system an inherent virtue of the race intensified by necessity.)

Many things curious and otherwise turn up at an historical house—things that at first sight seem to be of no particular interest, but on perusal take on a personality very suggestive to one of even limited imagination.

Take for example a package of old bills—nothing very suggestive here, I think I hear you say, but let us look them over. The first unfolded, dated May 28, 1824, written quite legibly on a 3x6 piece of paper yellowed by time, appears to be a statement of debits and credits presented to a domestic servant at the end of the year's service. The name of her employer is not given but the creditor is Mrs. Maria—by name, presumably a widow—who has engaged to give a year's service at the rate of 25 cents a week—totalling $13.00 but from this vast sum she has drawn $11.60 for sundries and 50 cents more has been discounted for two weeks' absence—probably for illness either of herself or family as vacations were unknown in those days—and there remains 90 cents to be paid her. The bookkeeping is certainly not to be disputed, but can't you see the drawn-down mouth and the dejected air as she thinks of those two weeks taken out. Poor Maria! As she walks off with her ninety cents her features harden and she omits to receipt the bill. She may not have been able to sign her name, but let us hope she could but refused on account of that fifty cents.

The next is presumably an apothecary's bill as there is no medical title attached to the sender's name—just Wm. Tuck, who apparently has taken upon himself the responsibility of prescribing for the several members of Capt. James Steele's family. It begins as follows:

To medn adm to wife $1.17
" " " " Mary .62
" pills " " self .20

And so it goes on, nine prescriptions in all, covering a period of six months from March, 1814, to September, totalling $4.98.

How quaint this all seems—an itemized bill stating to whom the prescriptions were administered, compared with the reminder we receive in our time. We are indebted to so-and-so, M. D., for Professional Services $— and "that's that."

But now we come to an interesting bunch relating to little Mary Ring Steele, which gives us a bit of a picture of the school days of a century and a quarter ago—covering the period of years from 1805 to 1809. We do not know very much about Mary Ring as she set out on a March morning in the year 1805 to climb the educational ladder under the tutelage of Miss Sally Folsom.

The Steeles and Rings were among our early settlers and it is probable that a marriage had taken place between the two families which had given Mary her middle name and to use one's imagination a little—for what story is good for anything devoid of imagination?—we might infer that the doughty old lady by the name of Mary Ring, who is recorded to have defied the accidents

and incidents of those troublous times and died in 1756 after completing her 80th year, was Mary's grandmother.

Be that as it may, we find the first bill presented to her father, Mr. James Steele, was for "instructing Mary for four weeks at 1/ 3d per week which carried out in decimal currency amounted to $0.84. Then there was a charge of .42 for her proportion of firewood which brings the bill up to $1.26.

The next bill is from Miss Judith Millet, dated July 2nd of the same year and reads simply 9 weeks' instruction @ 1/ a week $1.50.

There seems to have been a short vacation and then we find little Mary starting out again—this time for Miss Millet's school, where she is now introduced to the New England Primer and her little fingers are struggling with the first stitches of her sampler. The bill is made out to Mr. B. Smith and as her father is afterward addressed as Captain, he is probably out on the water working his way up to a command and her uncle is taking charge of her education.

The uncle, if so he was—and undoubtedly he was—may have thought that Miss Folsom's charges were more than commensurate with Mary's achievements and that a term with Miss Millet, who has come down in history as a great disciplinarian, would do her no harm.

No report of the poor child's experience has reached us, but she does not continue under her tuition and the next bill is made out to Capt. James Steele under date of 1806 by Miss Judith Passmore. This is for 28 weeks at 7d a week (10 cents) totalling $2.80. The embargo laid on the shipping of Gloucester at this time cheapens the price but in no way reflects on the standing of Miss Passmore or her school.

She signs her name with quite a perceptible flourish and I think she must have been the Judith Passmore I have heard of who always came late to the Evangelical Church because she would not go by the ringing of the Universalist bell. However, Mary does not continue with her, for in 1807 she gets back to Miss Folsom who still maintains her price, and on July 7 renders a bill for one quarter's instruction, $2.50, which is duly receipted and now we come to the last bill, June 17, 1809, made out to Mrs. Elizabeth Steele by Lucy Coffin for *schooling her daughter* 12 weeks @ a shilling a week, $2.00. Miss Coffin was probably a daughter of Dr. Coffin and as her family was one of distinction, this must have been a "finishing school."

Although the bill is made out to Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, presumably Mary's mother, let us hope that Capt. Steele has not perished on the sea, but is still in the flesh to view with satisfaction the accomplished product of Mary's various teachers at a total expense of $10.06.

And this closes the annals of the "Schooling of Mary Ring Steele." The little worn N. E. Primer that gave Mary her mental and spiritual sustenance—for in those days there was none other—has gone "the way of all the earth," but perhaps her sampler may turn up some time and find its way as others have to the Cape Ann Historical House, Hist. dept. of C. A. S., L. & H. Association.

NEW ENGLAND'S ENGLISH

(Continued from page 4)

the mid-western style of the Pennsylvania Dutch by those who think this linguistic atrocity preferable. To those who come by this manner of speech by birth in the middle or far west this is their bad luck and excusable, but to deliberately pervert the language as spoken by Shakespeare, Milton and the Englishman and handed down to us and preserved by the cultured scholars of the English, is an error which should be squelched, especially in the high schools where no teacher with the patois or argot of the mid-west should be tolerated. And such undoubtedly was the motivating object of the gentlemen who left the bequest to the High school, and we commend his example to those who desire to have the language of their forbears preserved and passed on pure and undefiled. But if anyone makes such a bequest, say $1000, the income of which is to be given in two prizes to those pupils who best talk throughout their courses in the best "Harvard manner" we recommend, and we speak from experience, that he make the trustee some well known Boston institution, perhaps the John Hancock company the holder. Then it may reach the object for which it is left and not be switched or diverted from its orignal purpose. For such has been the case and we speak knowing whereof we speak in regard to similar bequests.

Down at Rockport the original settlers of that section came to Marblehead from the west of England—the Tarrs and others. The old people and Capt. Sylvanus Smith have written that their speech was of a peculiar pronunciation similar to that described by Sam Roads in his History of Marblehead with the old broad "a" and old English idioms. But down there we note a pollution of pronunciation in the talk of some of the natives "without the law." They affect the short "a" in the words "pass," "chance" and others. Of course this does not prevail in the better educated circles of the town.

It is somewhat remarkable that in the mill towns with their predominant French-Canadian contingent there has been hardly any noticeable breakdown in the pronunciation of the old style. Their children born here have assimilated the language characteristics of the native-born of the old stock. In Boston with its almost wholly Irish population stock the tendency is to the old English style. This may be attributed to the ambiion of those born on the soil to assimilate the speech of those they have looked upon as their superiors in at least one respect. They consider themselves Yankees by birth and they want to be stamped with that vocal hall mark of the Yankee, the good old Yankee manner of speech. Good for them!

In the recent presidential campaign many public speakers were frequently heard—Harvard and non-Harvard men. But of all of these none spoke what we think a more desirable Harvard and New England tongue than the Hon. James Michael Curley, Mayor of Boston. He beat the Harvardites to it in good old English style and there was no exaggeration nor *outre* about it. If President Roosevelt had nominated the Hon. James Michael as ambassador to the Court of St. James we would have a speaker qualified to orate at Lord Mayor's banquets in a manner which would have warmed the cockles of the hearts of the most meticulous linguistic Oxonian. His classic period would have won the Britishers. And besides, the Hon. James Michael is a fine broth

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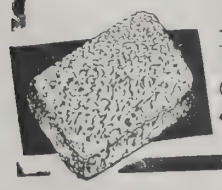

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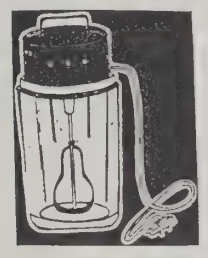

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of a boy in person. Himself would have looked highly imposing in knee britches and gold lace. No padding of the ample calves on the Hon. James, as was the case in the case of thin-shanked Andy Mellon. And second in oratorical correctness as regards the Yankee manner was Senator Walsh if the odious comparison be in order. And it may come to pass that we may come down to the cultivated Irish to preserve the old English of the forefathers. For the Irish themselves declare that the best English from the standpoint of correct intonation is that of Trinity College, Dublin. Won't some philanthropic individual like-interested put up substantial prizes in the various High schools for the students who talk throughout their course in the best Harvard manner. We wager it would bring results ten-fold.

An abomination of the radio is the talk of graduates of western colleges who sometimes in the course of their spiel refer to their alma mater but are poor linguistic specimens of its output. One of their crowning atrocities is the pronunciation of the word "aunt" which one from the nature of his act has occasion to use daily. He invariably uses the short "a" as in the pronunciation of the name of the little busybody of the underground house. There is absolutely no authority for such use of the word, yet this man—graduate of a west coast college—makes jest of the use of the proper pronunciation.

Well it is now up to the savants of Harvard to get together and compile a glossary and text-book of the pronunciation of English as she is spoken or ought to be spoken in the best Harvard manner. And—no kidding—we believe the fellow who gets out an inexpensive edition of such work could turn a pretty penny. For there are more people interested in the subject than the average person surmises.

TO MY LADY IN SEARCH OF THE PRACTICAL

RIGHT VALUES AND COMPLETE VARIETY ARE TO BE FOUND IN THE SHOPS OF

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ENJOY THE PASSING HOUR AND
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YACHTING

BROTHER AND SISTER WIN YACHTING CROWN

Smiths, Corinthian Yacht Club, Beat Eastern Rivals

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 14 (A. P.) — The Prince of Wales Trophy and international supremacy among the junior yachtsmen rested tonight with two bronzed young sailors from the Corinthian Club of Marblehead, Mass., — Skipper Ben Smith and his sister, Juliana, who sailed their light craft to victory in a thrilling final round for the cup late today.

Young Ben, at the helm, outsailed and outsmarted the strong Eastern Club team of George and Arthur Poor, also of Marblehead, and guided his speedy little yacht across the line first in three out of five heats.

Spectators along the shore of Lake Milo witnessed a thrilling duel for leadership, as the brother and sister came up from behind at the end of the third race to even the series and then take the fifth race with a fine demonstration of seamanship.

The light breeze that blew over the lake called for the best in both crews and the racing was close. The Poor brothers opened up an advantage by taking the first race, but lost their lead when the Corinthian's crew went over the line footing fast in the second and widened the gap to the finishing line.

Skipper Smith met hard luck in the third heat, when he crossed the line early as they jockeyed for position. Eastern's craft hit the line with the gun and opened an unbeatable lead, while the Smiths were returning.

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In the next race, though, the Corinthian crew came down carefully and went across the line with Eastern. They battled down the first stretch together, luffing, and then split tacks across the lake. It was bow to stern for a time, but Corinthian gradually drew away and got the gun to make it two all.

Corinthian was first over the starting line in the next race, but the Poor Brothers moved into the windward berth and were slipping up fast when skipper Ben took a long chance. He swung the nose of his trim boat out into Centre Lake, in hopes of picking up a stronger wind. The ruse was successful, and, picking up a slant, the white-hulled craft slowly drew away from the black Eastern yacht, as they neared the first mark. Down and across the lake and then into the beat home they headed, with the brother and sister holding their advantage. They crossed the line a minute and 17 seconds ahead.

As soon as the race was completed, Commodore H. H. Raymond of the Acadian Yacht Club, Yarmouth, presented the cup to Ben and Juliana Smith, who will hold it for a year. The summary:

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth
Corinthian:	1:25:57	1:14:55	28:43	26:09	41:30
Eastern:	1:25:24	1:17:00	27:06	28:09	42:47

THE SHORE tenders its hearty congratulations to these two young Gloucester yachtsmen who so creditably acquitted themselves and only regrets that they did not represent one of the local organizations.

TERN, CURSOR AND TOUAREG WINNERS AT EASTERN PT.

GLOUCESTER, July 12 — Eastern Point yachtsmen had the best sailing conditions of the season for the regular mid-week club regatta this afternoon. A moderate northeaster held steady and true all of the course, and proved ideal for Jacob D. Cox Jr.'s sonder Tern. In the triangle class, Bobby Brown brought his Cursor in first for his second win of the year. Touareg led the Cape Cod knockabouts.

Tern led the quartette of sonders all around the 8½ mile triangle and registered a two-minute win. Mrs. Groverman Ellis with Tid IV was the following boat with

Isaac Patch Jr., bringing Vice Commodore William V. Macdonald's Lady II up to windward fast enough to challenge Tid's position.

Racing was as keen as usual in the triangle division. Cursor was in fourth place at the leeward turn. On the thrash to windward the final leg, Capt. Brown wrested honors from Horace Bent's Bluebill, leader of the first two legs of the course off the wind.

In the Cape Cod squadron, Touareg took the lead in the first windward leg by taking the western shore while the rest of the fleet tried their luck on the eastern side. The summary:

SONDER CLASS

Tern, Jacob D. Cox Jr.	1:40:18
Tid IV, Mrs. G. Ellis	1:42:29
Lady II, Isaac Patch Jr.	1:42:55
Skeezix, Mrs. F. M. Carter	1:43:16

TRIANGLE CLASS

Cursor, Robert F. Brown	1:51:01
Bluebill, Horace Bent	1:51:16
Injun, Hastings Gamage	1:51:23
Black Bess, J. Henry Sleeper	1:52:16
Athlon, J. S. Raymond Jr.	1:52:50
Flirt, Robert Elwell	1:55:03
Kitmer II, Stewart and Meade	1:55:34
Mavourneen, Gerald O'Brien	1:56:14
Tantala, Hyde Cox	1:56:35
Carelcilla, C. W. Wonson	1:59:58

CAPE COD KNOCKABOUTS

Touareg, L. Brown Jr.	1:15:24
Maryland, Kate Boyce	1:16:25
Sylph, Cunningham Brothers	1:16:48
Bemo, Bratenahl Brothers	1:17:42
Arethusa, Gordon Ellis	1:18:58
Guerriere, P. Raymond	1:19:01
Old Ironsides, Joan and Ann Raymond	1:25:23

HARRY GRIFFIN WINS WITHOUT HIS CREW

Takes First in Annisquam Fish Boat Class

GLOUCESTER, July 15 — A fair 10-knot southeast breeze, making for a smooth floor in the bay, was the condition governing at Annisquam this afternoon. The result was a very closely sailed race in both classes, the course being leeward-windward to Essex and return.

In the Bird Class, Avis took a good lead, with Oloof and Canvasback second and third. Once out of the river and jibs were poled to port on the run, after holding closely together. Canvasback getting the edge, which enabled her to pass the Oloof at the turn.

On the beat home, Avis and Canvasback established a good lead. Then the rear guard resolved to take a chance and split, thereby avoiding the tide running in and the result was a gain, for the Flamingo began to make up lost ground and at the Red buoy, Avis, which was still leading, was just a lap ahead.

Coming into the river the Flamingo passed to windward, leading Avis to the finish. Evelyn Woodbury in Oloof, took second.

Sixteen craft got under way in the Fish Class, Harry Griffin's crew overstaid their liberty and failed to show up so Harry made a solo voyage. Toward the latter part the wind died down, and, having no extra live ballast to handicap, undoubtedly helped to get him to the line in front. The summary:

BIRD CLASS

Flamingo, D. H. Woodbury	1:11:21
Oloof, Evelyn Woodbury	1:11:54
Avis, W. E. Olson Jr.	1:12:09
Canvasback, R. Cox	1:12:21
Plunger, R. Russ	Withdrew

FISH BOATS

Perch, Harry Griffin	1:20:49
Sea Horse, Robert Meechem	1:21:21
Goldfish, Jack Cunningham	1:23:01
Flying Fish, A. G. Hale	1:23:20
Dab, David Dennison	1:23:42
Wassop, Katherine Tausey	1:24:29
Malolo, Mary Bradley	1:24:41
Pollywog II, John Meechem	1:25:31
Sailfish, Paul Littlefield	1:25:58
Shad, F. Farnam	1:26:01
Barracuda Jr., John Worcester	1:27:20
Navarra, Lyndon Crawford	1:28:14
Starfish, Huntington Faxon	1:31:16
Tarpon, J. Lowe	1:32:12
Caviare, K. Cornwell	1:32:15
Bonito, H. Carveth	Disabled

BLACK BESS GETS FIRST EASTERN POINT VICTORY

GLOUCESTER, July 15—Three classes got away at Eastern Point this afternoon in a fair 10-knot breeze, at first from the northeast, hauling gradually eastward and toward the close a point to the southward. The sea outside was somewhat ragged.

In the Sonders, the Magnolia craft Tern at the whistler was 12 seconds to the good, but at the western turn Skeezix was only a second behind Tern in rounding the mark. On the race to the finish young Cox was forced out astern, finishing 11 seconds in the rear.

In the Triangles, Black Bess, sailed by J. Henry Sleeper, scored its first win of the season.

In the Cape Cod Knockabouts Touareg, Laurence Brown Jr. of the Bass Rocks contingent won. The summary:

CLASS K SONDERS

Skeezix, Mrs. Frances M. Carter	1:24:50
Tern, Jacob D. Cox Jr.	1:25:01
Tid IV, Mrs. Groverman Ellis	1:25:25
Lady II, William V. MacDonald	1:25:50

TRIANGLE CLASS

Black Bess, J. Henry Sleeper	1:33:56
Athlon, Jonathan S. Raymond Jr.	1:34:25
Cursor, Robert F. Brown	1:24:31
Bluebill, Horace Bent	1:35:05
Tantala, Hyde Cox	1:35:06
Flirt, Bobby Elwell	1:36:15
Kitmer II, Stewart and Meade	1:36:36
Mavourneen, Gerald O'Brien	1:36:41
Injun, Hastings Gamage	1:37:24

CAPE COD KNOCKABOUTS

Touareg, Laurence A. Brown Jr.	1:01:36
Sylph, Cunningham Brothers	1:02:29
Maryland, Kate Boyce	1:03:19
Arethusa, Mary Jane Ellis	1:03:43
Lucky Duck, Dick Pillsbury	1:04:46
Guerriere, Pauline Raymond	1:04:46
Bemo, Bratenahl Brothers	1:04:53
Old Ironsides, Joan and Ann Raymond	1:06:17

SEVEN CLASSES SAILED IN ROCKPORT YACHTING

ROCKPORT, July 15 — An eight to ten knot south-southeast breeze and a smooth sea prevailed at Rockport this afternoon. With the exceptions of Sandy Bay and Pilot classes the results in the other divisions were settled in the first 15 minutes.

(Continued on page 20)

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MILADY GOES SHOPPING

(Continued from page 12)

"Yes, Aunt Gussie."

"Well, I am glad, though surprised to hear it. Banner, I want Annie Laurie attended to at once."

"Certainly, Madame. Come, pussy. Come, nice pussy. She doesn't seem disposed to come, Madame."

"Jolyon, take her out to the kitchen. Chubby, what else did you get at First National?"

"I got carrots, peas, bananas, liver, string beans, lettuce, raspberries, steak, cheese, potatoes—"

"Did you get any oranges?"

"No, I guess I forgot the oranges, but I got—"

"You forgot the oranges; yes, I suppose so. It would be impossible for you to come home with everything, wouldn't it? Did you go to the post-office to see if I had any mail from Hornblower & Weeks?"

"Yes."

"And did I have any?"

"No."

"Go again tomorrow. I have questioned them about a bond issue in which I am very much interested. Of course, Minnie, you remembered to go into the Hersey Travel Bureau at W. G. Brown's and got me the information I wanted about the round-the-world cruise? You know Mrs. Carton asked particularly that I inquire about it for her. And by the way, boys, I have decided to take Minnie and go on the Canadian North Cape Cruise which Mr. Hersey is now advertising. If there's one thing that will give me my strength back after the deplorable winter I spent, it's a good sea trip, so I have decided on this one that takes in the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers—and where else? —oh yes! Quebec, St. Pierre, and Bermuda. I shall be leaving next week, I expect, and be gone twelve and a half days."

"Splendid!" cried both her nephews together.

"Are you taking Mervyn with you?" asked Chubby hopefully.

"No," replied his aunt. "I am going to leave Mervyn with you. Now, about tonight: you know I invited Mr. Raoul Feulah to dinner. I trust you aren't too ignorant to know that Mr. Feulah is an extremely well known artist. His work is, of course, strictly modern—of the impressionistic school, in fact, and Chubby, I want you to be very, very careful what you say about art, because you know so little about it that you are more than likely to offend Mr. Feulah. Naturally I don't expect you to be able to understand his canvases, nor you either, Jolyon, but please don't express any ideas on the subject whatsoever. And now we will leave the table—if Chubby can tear himself away from the buttered muffins."

"Ab bub droo," replied Chubby, stuffing nearly a whole muffin in his mouth.

"I am going upstairs and get ready for church, now," said his aunt, turning from him in disgust. "I shall expect you all to be ready to go when I am. As you know, we are going to call on Mrs. Tipperly at Rockport this afternoon, so I think we had better plan to have our luncheon at Wetherell's luncheonette. A sandwich and an Ovaltine milk shake will do me nicely, I know, and perhaps I shall have an ice for dessert. We don't need a hearty lunch this noon if we are to have a big dinner tonight, and an Ovaltine milk shake is an excellent pick-me-up."

"Yes, Aunt Gussie," remarked Chubby enthusiastically, "I had a chocolate one the other day when I got through the marketing. I always go to Wetherell's for ice creams because they have such corking ones—their sauces are always flavored just right—I can tell a cheap flavoring in a minute, and I know—"

"That reminds me, Chubby, we must make arrangements about having some ice cream sent up for dessert tonight. Banner, I shall want the car at precisely twenty minutes past ten. I shall come downstairs at ten minutes past." And with that she made her exit.

"It is now," remarked Jolyon, "exactly seven minutes of ten. We have, therefore, just seventeen minutes to do as we like in. Has anyone any suggestions as to how those seventeen minutes might be spent?"

"I'm going to read the paper," said Chubby and Mervyn simultaneously, but Mervyn grabbed it first and sat on it.

"Very well," remarked Chubby, with dignity. "I shan't roughhouse with you for it however much I'd like to wring your neck." With that he sat down at the piano and struck the first chords of the Rachmaninoff Prelude.

"Now I suppose you're going to sing," whined Mervyn.

"You suppose right, I am. I am a singer of the impressionistic school. I don't expect you to be able to appreciate my art, Mervyn, nor to understand my technique, but please be very, very careful what you say about it, or you may offend me. I shall begin this little recital with one of my favorite koncertstucke.

" 'I am dying, Egypt, dying, let the Cæsar's army com-hum,
I will cheat him of his glory though beyond the Styx I ro-hum;
Hark! I hear the legions coming, loud their songs of triumph swe-hell,
But, proud Cæsar, dead I scorn you, Cleopatra, Rome, *farewell!*
I am dying, Egypt, dying, ebbs the crimson life tide—' "

" 'Scuse me, Mr. Chubby," gasped Mrs. Banner, popping into the room suddenly, "but your aunt says she wants you should stop that dretful noise."

"Indeed I do!" said a familiar voice. "If you want to hear music we will turn on the radio and listen to the

Hearts of Hope Choir. Jolyon, tune in WCAV. There! That's something like it. Now! Quiet, everybody."

Everyone sat tense during the next five minutes, and listened unwillingly to the choir, which had too many people in it and was consequently just a blur of sound.

"Beautiful!" murmured Aunt Gussie.

"Lousy!" muttered Chubby.

Jolyon struck a noisy match, and his aunt hissed for silence. Minnie sneezed three times loudly, and received such a look from her employer that her third sneeze became merely a grimace. Chubby reached for a dish of salted pecans just as the martinet happened to glance up.

"Good pastures make fat sheep!" she remarked, and the radio continued its din uninterrupted for another five minutes.

"Beg pardon, Madame, but the car is at the door," yelled Banner.

"Oh Banner!" Is it twenty minutes past? Good heavens, I had no idea it was so late! Mervyn, turn off the radio. Banner, call your wife. Mrs. Banner! Mrs. Banner! Some more instructions for you! For dinner tonight: don't forget the hors d'œuvres, whatever you do! We are to have the flat and rolled fillets of anchovies in olive oil—you know what I mean—I want you to fix them up. Be sure to serve ripe olives with the salad, and the Gherkins Supreme with the meat. You know about the San Remo spaghetti as a side dish, of course. Did I tell you about the Cresca Russian Caviar? I want that for an hor d'œvre, too. Then be sure the California Burgundy and Night Club ginger ale are both the right temperature because Mr. Feulah might have a preference. There is plenty of Garnishola Pimento if you need any."

"Yes'm. Them's all the things that come from Shepherd's Market, ain't they?"

"Yes, indeed. Those are the things I ordered Friday. Did they all come?"

"Yes'm."

"Splendid. I shall expect you to serve us an excellent dinner, then. If it comes up to my expectations I will give you a quarter extra on your salary this week."

"Thank you, Mum."

"And now, everyone to the car! Oh, Jolyon, run up and get me a handkerchief. Chubby, my prayer book, please—it's in the right-hand top drawer in my dressing table. Minnie, my bank book—the one from the Gloucester National Bank—I think I left it upstairs somewhere. Get it and put in my safe. I shall be out in the car."

"I say, Jolly, have you any idea where she said she kept her prayer book?" asked Chubby, his round face red with exertion as he climbed the stairs for the third time. "Minnie! Minnie! Where does Aunt Gussie keep her prayer book?"

"Mrs. Henshaw!" Minnie screamed from an upstairs window, "Do you want me to put your Christmas Club book from the Cape Ann National Bank in the safe, too? I found it up on the library mantelpiece."

"Yes, Minnie, put it away," replied Mrs. Henshaw from the tonneau of the Rolls. "And please, please be more careful about where you leave it after this."

"I didn't leave it there, Mrs. Henshaw," began Minnie, "I think you left—"

"No back talk, Minnie! What is it, Chubby?"

"I can't find your prayer book. Where did you say you put it?"

"In my dressing table drawer, of *course!* It really is too bad that you never pay attention to anything I say. Jolyon! *Jolyon!* Tell Mrs. Banner to come out to the car, please. Minnie, I want Mervyn to come out immediately."

"Yes, Mrs. Henshaw."

"Let me see, Jolyon. No, *no.* You know I always carry a white handkerchief on Sunday."

"Well, this one is almost all white."

"It has a colored border. It won't do at all. You'll have to go up and get me another one. Where is Mrs. Banner?"

"Here she is, Aunt Gussie. I'l try to find you a white handkerchief."

"Mrs. Banner, is there plenty of ice in the house? Did you telephone the Cape Pond Ice company to send an extra amount for tonight?"

"Yes'm."

"Did you see about having Mr. Mervyn's tuxedo pressed?"

"Yes'm."

"Did you telephone Del Monte's about Friday night? And Stage Coach Inn for my bridge party reservations?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well, that will be all. Chubby, you found my prayer book, I trust. Please sit in front beside Banner. Minnie, on my left, if you please. Jolyon, my handkerchief? Thank you. You will have to sit on one of the folding seats, I'm afraid. Where is Mervyn? I told you to tell him to come out immediately, Minnie."

"Yes, Mrs. Henshaw," replied Minnie quickly, "and he said he would be out just as soon as he finished dressing."

"I don't see what can be detaining him, I'm sure. Jolyon, run up and—What is it, Mrs. Banner, why are—"

"It's Mr. Mervyn!" gasped the cook, "he's just fell down the stairs and like to kilt himself!"

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THE ROCKPORT SHORE

(Continued from page 11)

of fishing craft, having the technic and knowledge of the schooner which comes only from long and intimate study. With Mr. Margeson, under his tutelage, is Mr. Emery, his grandson, who bears out the theory of heredity inasmuch as he is following promisingly in the footsteps of his tutor. Mr. Emery specializes in pastels, a number of which are on exhibition.

The Sumner family of Greenwich, Conn., have taken the George R. Bass cottage on the Headlands for the season.

William L. Axt and family of Montclair, N. J., are with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Heebner for the season.

Edward Shippen Barnes of Germantown, Penna., is again in occupancy of "The Willows," Eden rd., Land's End.

Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Beal and son of New York prominent members of the artists' colony have returned for a late stay to their cottage in Bearskin Neck.

Arrivals at Straitsmouth Inn: Florence A. McCarthy, Elizabeth Daly, Barbara Muruane, J. McCarthy, Fitchburg; Helen MacG. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Minot, Patricia Minot, New York; Mrs. A. J. Atkinson, Indianapolis; Mrs. J. H. Prentice, Anne Prentice, Englewood; Mrs. G. H. Grebe, Paterson, N. J.

Arrivals at Hotel Edward: Gladys Giddings, Easthampton; Mrs. Ada Quinn, Mrs. Eva Bold, Concord, N. H.; Hazel Haff, New Haven; Mae MacKenzie, Pittsburgh; William Coulter, Philadelphia.

Arrivals at Turk's Head Inn: Mr. and Mrs. William Shea, William Shea, Thomas Shea, Frances Shea, Boston; Mrs. A. H. Brigham, Whitman; Mabel Martin, Mrs. Frances Caldwell, Carol Caldwell, Brookline; S. S. Gilbert, Groton; Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cooper, New York City; Miss R. Brooks, H. N. Welch, Mrs. M. G. White, Miss White, Brooklyn.

Arrivals at Rockport Inn: Miss M. Benjamin, Boston; Mrs. Minna G. Webb, Evelyn Sousa, Rose Silva, New Bedford; Olga Fatersek, Mary Fatersek, Rhoda Frye, Jamaica Plain; Sydney Brown, Waltham; Annette Bruce, West Haven; John Coritz, Bronx.

YACHTING

(Continued from page 17)

In the Sandy Bay division Myrtice A. led Bobino 22 seconds on the first beat, but on the second round Bobino wore down the Myrtice to windward and the Dean boat was unable to retrieve her loss.

In the Pilots it was much the same story. Greenhorn was to the good on the completion of the first triangle, but on the repeat fell down on the Thrash, Shirlidee coming to the front and keeping there. The summary:

CLASS I, 18-FOOTERS

Onward II, Laura Cooney	1:31:35
Paloma, Dot Roberts	1:34:12
Maidie III, Gifford Beal	1:36:50

SANDY BAY CLASS, 15-FOOTERS

Bobino, Benton C. Story	1:50:08
Myrtice A., Lindley I. Dean	1:51:43
Jolo, Joe Lockett	1:53:17
Mamie, John Chianciola	1:55:52

BIRD CLASS

Pewee, Charles Pierce	1:53:34
Bobolink, William Doelger	1:54:11
Oriole, Stephen Johnson	1:57:46

INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS

Sans Souci, Homer Clark	1:46:10
Eclipse, Guy Hale	1:50:03
Star of India, Wendell and Hale	1:51:58
Ibex, Max Kuehne	1:52:51
Comet, Dr. Roy Wheeler	1:54:15

CLASS O

Sand Boy, Reynolds Beal	1:46:48
Big Dipper, W. J. Carter	2:00:00

PILOT CLASS

Shirlidee, Johnson Brothers	1:31:33
Greenhorn, H. G. Tufts	1:32:27
Flash, Jerry Bruno	1:33:22

FISH CLASS

Skipjack, Tewksbury Brothers	1:36:50
Judy, Lane and Grace	1:37:11
Darter, Thomas Gibb	1:44:20

TID IV AND CURSOR WIN EASTERN POINT RACING

GLOUCESTER, July 16 — A five-knot southeast breeze with a roll of the sea were the overhead and surface conditions at Eastern Point this afternoon. Two classes got underway. The course being windward-leeward to the Whistler and return. The windward leg was negotiated in a short and long hitch.

In the Sonders, the Tid IV, with Leonard Ellis at the helm, got away with a great start and maintained leading position to the finish.

Tantala was leading in the triangle, with Black Bess and Cursor overtaking boats up to nearly the finish when Cursor developed a burst of speed to win as Tantala dropped back to second place. The summary:

CLASS K SONDERS

Tid IV, Leonard Ellis	1:11:30
Skeezix, Harry Wheeler	1:11:48
Tern, Jacob D. Cox Jr.	1:12:20
Lady II, William V. MacDonald	1:12:35

TRIANGLE CLASS

Cursor, Robert F. Brown	1:21:53
Tantala, Hyde Cox	1:22:20
Black Bess, J. Henry Sleeper	1:22:29
Flirt, William D. Elwell	1:24:25
Bluebill, Horace Bent	1:25:10
Kitmer II, Stewart and Meade	1:25:40
Athlon, Jonathan S. Raymond, Jr.	1:27:40
Mavourneen, Gerald O'Brien	1:28:30
Injun, Hastings Gamage	1:31:40

RAYMONDS WIN FIRST IN JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES

GLOUCESTER, July 17—Jonathan S. Raymond, who has been sailing in the Triangle Class this season, returned this morning to his old ship, Old Ironsides, for the opening of the Eastern Yacht Club junior championship series in the Cape Cod knockabout class for captains and crews under seventeen, and led a fleet of six in the first race.

CAPE COD KNOCKABOUTS

Junior Championship Series

Old Ironsides, J. S. Raymond, Jr.	1:14:25
Maryland, Meredith Boyce	1:13:19
Touareg, Laurence A. Brown, Jr.	1:21:30
Guerriere, Pauline Raymond	1:24:44
Sylph, Cunningham Brothers	1:27:31
Arethusa, Gordon Ellis	1:30:12

GOLDFISH LEADS RIVALS IN ANNISQUAM RACE

GLOUCESTER, July 19 — The first in a special Wednesday series in the Fish class boats at 'Squam was sailed this afternoon and the condition, a fine wholesale breeze from southwest, made it the most satisfactory sail of the season thus far in the opinion of the contestants.

The course was triangular. Jack Cunningham's Goldfish was the winner. The summary:

FISH CLASS — Special Series

Goldfish, Jack Cunningham	1:31:10
Flying Fish, Albert G. Hale	1:31:43
Pompano, Stanwood Cobb	1:32:08
Sea Horse, Robert Meechem	1:32:46
Malolo, Mary Bradley	1:32:47
Perch, Harry Griffin	1:35:10
Pollywog, John Meechem	1:35:39
Wasson, Katherine Toussey	1:36:50
Dab, David Dennison	1:37:51
Starfish, Huntington Faxon	1:37:53
Caviar, K. Kornwell	1:46:15

MARYLAND, BLUEBILL, TERN WIN AT EASTERN POINT

GLOUCESTER, July 19 — A fresh southerly breeze with some chop was the conditions this afternoon for Eastern Point's mid-week yacht racing. In the Sonder Class, Jacob D. Cox Jr.'s Tern was first, while Horace Bent in Bluebill was first in the Triangle class. Maryland won among the Cape Cod knockabouts. The summary:

CLASS K SONDERS

Tern, Jacob D. Cox, Jr.	1:32:31
Tid VI, Mrs. Groverman Ellis	1:35:03
Skeezix, Mrs. Frances M. Carter	1:36:30
Lady II, Isaac Patch, Jr.	1:43:45

TRIANGLE CLASS

Bluebill, Horace Bent	1:46:07
Tantala, Hyde Cox	1:48:05
Black Bess, J. Henry Sleeper	1:48:11
Cursor, Robert F. Brown	1:48:40
Mavourneen, Gerald O'Brien	1:50:02
Kitmer II, Stewart and Meade	1:50:17
Flirt, Robert Elwell	1:50:28
Injun, Hastings Gamage	1:51:30
Athlon, J. S. Raymond, Jr.	1:52:25
Carecilla, Carlton W. Wonson	1:53:20

CAPE COD KNOCKABOUTS

Maryland, Kate Boyce	1:08:00
Guerriere, Pauline Raymond	1:09:36
Arethusa, Gordon Ellis	1:09:42
Lucky Duck, Dick Pillsbury	1:09:50
Touareg, Dorothy Brown	1:10:31
Sylph, Cunningham Brothers	1:10:35
Bemo, Bratenahl Brothers	1:11:45
Old Ironsides, Joan and Ann Raymond	1:12:10

JACOBS LED LIST OF QUALIFIERS AT ROCKPORT CLUB

At the Rockport Country Club over the weekend, Capt. Loren A. Jacobs led the qualifiers for the Navy cup on Saturday in 18 holes of medal play, handicap, with a card of 83-69. Yesterday in the play against par, three-quarters handicap applying, Frederick H. Tarr Jr. and Dr. Lester C. Feener tied with 10 pars each. The first round matches for the Directors' cup were played. Scores follow:

Qualifying round for Navy cup, 18 holes handicap medal play — Capt. Loren A. Jacobs, 83-69; Francis E. Smith, 86-70; William Neidner, 92-70; Frederick H. Tarr Jr., 80-72; Thomas R. P. Gibb, 95-71; Cecil Scott, 88-73; Paul B. Oakley, 92-74; Edward A. Goodick, 98-76; Raymond C. Allen, 105-77; Leon D. Lothrop, 96-78; John A. MacDonald, 95-80; I. S. Hall, 96-80; Rex Bradlee, 97-82.

Match play, Directors' Cup, first round — Edward A. Goodick defeated Raymond C. Allen, 3 and 2; Frederick H. Tarr Jr. defeated C. E. Stratton, 3 and 1.

Tarr Jr., and Dr. Feener Led Yesterday

Most pars, three-quarters handicap — Frederick H. Tarr Jr., 83-75 (10); Dr. Lester C. Feener, 84-77 (10); William H. Neidner, 92-78 (9); Dr. C. T. Porter, 84-76 (8); Leon D. Lothrop, 91-77 (8); Rex Bradlee, 89-74 (8); Isaac S. Hall, 92-76 (7); Capt. Loren A. Jacobs, 81-70 (7); Edward A. Goodick, 93-71 (6); Paul B. Oakley, 86-72 (5).

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MASS.

LITTLE THEATRE

(Continued from page 5)

of making a "scene" himself, was excellently played by Charles Edgecomb. Mr. Edgecomb is well known to patrons of the Little Theatre as he has been associated with it for several years. He is a professional actor.

The Bliss family was completely unselfconscious both alone and in the presence of guests. Even before the suave, gentlemanly diplomatist, Richard Greatham, played by Ray Williams, they flew into tantrums and berated each other heartily.

The guests were all amazed and really rather frightened of their hosts. Sandy Tyrell (John J. Mann), a nice young chap, not exactly intellectual, but certainly well intentioned was terrified when he found that Judith Bliss, the actress whom he had adored madly in London and had followed to Cookham for an amorous interlude, had a real live husband in the house. Sandy's dismay at the awful situations in which he became involved was made extremely convincing by Mr. Mann, who has a splendid sense of timing.

Jane Voorhees made of the vampire, Myra Arundel, an amusing, sophisticated woman, whose predatory instincts came to the fore whenever there was a man about — especially if he happened to be someone else's man.

The timid, nervous Jackie, invited by Mr. Bliss who wished to study her type for his book, was cleverly portrayed by Theodora Lawrence, and Anne Stedman was delightful as Clara, the overworked and always tired Cockney maid.

The play abounded in amusing scenes. Particularly good was the one in which Mrs. Bliss acted out part of one of her plays, and her children were the supporting cast. Another came at the beginning of the second act, when the entire party gathered in the drawing-room and was compelled by their hosts to play a game which they all found difficult and embarrassing.

The arrival of the soft spoken, well mannered Mr. Greatham and the selfconscious, giggling Jackie was very funny, and the furtive breakfasts snatched by the departing guests who were mortally afraid of arousing their hosts and being discovered in the act of disappearing, amused the audience tremendously.

Lester Lang and Martin Fallon designed a colorful setting which captured the atmosphere of an English country house. The pictures used were loaned by the Thurn School of Art.

An innovation was the orchestra of six pieces which played between the acts. Their program included two waltzes by Noel Coward, "I'll See You Again," and "Someday I'll Find You," beside selections from Bach, and Gluck.

One of the pleasantest features of this theatre is that there are no curtain calls taken. So many times the climax and dramatic tension of a play is lost by repeated raising of the curtain that it is a relief to find one theatre wise enough to forego that gesture.

Rachel Crothers' "He and She" is to be next week's presentation.

—MILDRED SHUTE.

THE GALVIN PLAYERS

The Galvin Players, popular stock company at Hawthorne Inn Casino scored another hit with "The Alarm Clock," a fast moving comedy by Avery Hopwood, which they presented on the evenings of July 17, 18, and 19.

In "The Alarm Clock" clever lines and funny situations make up an amusing whole. The scene is laid in the home of Bobby Brandon, a wealthy New York bachelor. Bobby has a touch of rheumatism, which gives Mrs. Dunmore, a lady who is very much infatuated with him, a chance to take care of him. She connives with the doctor to frighten Bobby into thinking he has the gout, and is seriously ill, in order to keep him at home, and incidentally away from Lulu Deane, a chorus girl chum of his.

"This gout is like the ringing of an alarm clock," the doctor tells Bobby, "it is just a warning that something is radically wrong. You must keep perfectly quiet, be careful what you eat and drink, and above all, see that your heart is not disturbed."

In order that she may be sure the doctor's advice is taken, Mrs. Dunmore sends for Bobby's relatives from Cam Corners to arrive, much to the disgust of Charlie Morton, Bobby's faithful but irresponsible friend.

The relatives turn out to be the last degree of provincialism. Mrs. Susie Kent is an officious busybody, who writes oratorios in her spare time. Her daughter, Mary, is a typical country bumpkin, who can do nothing but giggle. Homer, Mary's fiance and Bobby's nephew, is so buried behind a heavy beard and lofty mind that his personality is completely swamped. An unctuous banker, Theodore Boom accompanies the party to New York to guard them against any dangers that might befall them.

After three months in New York, Mrs. Kent and her daughter blossom out into real Manhattanites. Mary learns all the most exclusive shops at which to buy her clothes, and as for her mother, there is no night club hot enough for her, and she has forsaken oratorio composing for the latest syncopation.

Bobby soon finds himself madly in love with Mary, but she is being rushed by Reginald Wynne, a dissipated young man about town. Before it is too late, however, she discovers that Bobby is the man she really cares for, and Homer, her one-time fiance, emerges from behind his whiskers and interest in the language of the Philippines to run off with Lulu Deane, the chorus girl. Charlie Morton surprisingly decides to marry the thrill hunting Mrs. Kent, who turns down Theodore Boom, also a suiter for her hand, because he is far too slow for her.

The part of Bobby Brandon was played by Johnny Galvin, a competent actor with a flair for comedy. Sarah Ellen Glass is breezy and most attractive as the chorine, Lulu. Miss Glass is a Gloucester girl who has made quite a success in stock the past winter. Charlie Morton, Bobby's borrowing friend was charmingly portrayed by Ramon Greenleaf. Margaret Selkirk was selfrighteous and domineering as Mrs. Dunmore, who hated Charlie thoroughly. Irene Galvin made a very real and appealing person of the little country girl, Mary Kent. As Theodore Boom, Joseph Thayer did an excellent piece of character work. Milton Savitt was convincing as the bewhiskered and professorial Homer, and Al McAdam, Jess Barker, and John McPhee all made the most of their respective roles. —MILDRED SHUTE.

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STRAND THEATRE — *Gloucester's Intimate Playhouse*
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Companion feature—"By Appointment," with Sally O'Neil, Lew Cody
MONDAY AND TUESDAY
Special Stage Presentation, The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Comedy Dogs
"Daring Daughters," Marian Marsh—"Strange Adventure," Regis Toomey
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
"Forgotten," June Clyde, Junior Collier "Gallant Fool," Bob Steele
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GALVIN PLAYERS AT HAWTHORNE INN CASINO

The largest crowd of the season turned out Monday evening to witness the Galvin Players' production of "The Alarm Clock."

For their fifth week of the summer season, this popular company of professionals will present a super scenic production of "Rain." Many comments have been received by the management regarding this presentation but, all reports to the contrary, this "much talked of" play will be presented, "as is," with no lines deleted. According to Stage Director Al. McAdam, the only change from the New York production will be the changing of the part of Rev. Davidson to that of a missionary. Ramon Greenleaf, popular leading man will be seen in this part, while Miss Irene Galvin stars as "Sadie Thompson" and is said to have no peer in Dramatic Stock, playing this role. As three performances only are given weekly, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, seats should be at a premium for each performance.

STRAND THEATRE

The Strand, starting Friday, July 21st, will have as the feature picture, "Be Mine Tonight," the internationally famous singing comedy which has just finished a run of five weeks at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. As a companion feature, "By Appointment," starring Lew Cody and Sally O'Neil is on this program which runs Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Added featurettes are Morton Downey in "My Pal the Prince," and a Mickey Maguire comedy. Sunday, as an added attraction, Dal Mitchell and his Isle of Dreams orchestra, will be on the stage.

Monday and Tuesday, the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedy dogs will be seen at the Strand as a special stage attraction. The pictures will be "Daring Daughters" featuring Marian Marsh and "The Strange Adventure," with Regis Toomey.

Wednesday and Thursday, "Forgotten," with Junior Collier and June Clyde, and "The Gallant Fool" featuring Bob Steele are the screen attractions, while on the stage will be a stellar vaudeville show.

DORIC GALLERY

(Continued from page 5)

voted almost entirely to watercolors. Of particular interest among these are Charles Knapp's marine, brilliant in its color effects, Elizabeth Withington's "Rockport Wharf," a group of water sketches of Pigeon Hill by George T. Le Boutillier, and several decorative pieces, bold in style and vivid in coloring by John Aiken.

A remarkable display of black and whites which fills the entire hall of the house includes etchings, woodcuts, and linoleum prints. Prominent among these are "Turtles of the Tadusac," by Harrison Cady, a delightful piece, fantastic in style and humorous in quality, and three charming etchings by Nicola D'Ascenzo, "Chartres," "Old Church, Laragoza," and "Archway Perugia." Prescott M. M. Jones has contributed a scene in which white seagulls are contrasted against a dark background, Addison Le Boutillier, a Pigeon Cove architect, is showing two unusual colored prints, and two linoleum prints, depicting wharf scenes are the work of Henry Frost, Jr., a fourteen-year-old artist.

Richard Recchia is exhibiting several pieces of sculpture among which is his extremely modern "Leaping Frog," and bronze head, "Youth."

All the artists represented in this gallery are from Rockport, and persons interested in their work are given an opportunity to purchase specimens at a very moderate price.

The Gallery itself is an old Pigeon Cove house, reputed to have been designed by Bullfinch. The rooms used for the exhibition are furnished with beautiful antiques, and form very lovely backgrounds for the works of art shown in them.

Refreshments were served at the opening by Mrs. Harrison Cady, Mrs. Harry Leith-Ross, Mrs. Frederic L. King, and Mrs. Galen Perrett. Mrs. Allen Chamberlain is in charge of the exhibition, and Mrs. Paul Kenyon is the hostess.

Some of the sponsors of the Gallery are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Frederic King, Mr. and Mrs. Galen Perrett, Mr. and Mrs. Aldro T. Hibbard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lester Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Holberg, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Beal, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Beal, Mrs. Albert Beal, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Cady, Mr. Yarnall Abbott, Mrs. May Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leith-Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Recchia, Mrs. H. A. Vincent, Miss Elizabeth Withington, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. H. Boylston Dummer, Mr. and Mrs. George Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rosebault, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Ross Perrigard, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Chamberlain.

The house is open from 10 to 5 on weekdays and from 2 to 5 on Sundays.

—MILDRED SHUTE.

CITY OF GLOUCESTER

In the year nineteen hundred and thirty-two,

AN ORDINANCE

providing for certain ISOLATED "STOP" signs.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

SECTION 1—Every driver of a vehicle, bus or other conveyance, approaching an intersecting way at which there exists facing him, an official sign, authorized by this Municipal Council, said sign having apart from this regulation, the written approval of the Department of Public Works of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bearing the word "STOP" shall before entering and proceeding through the intersection, bring such vehicle, bus or other conveyance to a complete STOP at such line as may be clearly marked, or, if there is no line so marked, at a place between the said sign and the line of the street intersection.

In the case of a line of two or more vehicles approaching such "STOP" sign, the drivers of the second and third vehicles in any group shall not be required to stop more than once at said designated line or place or in the immediate vicinity.

This ordinance shall not apply when the traffic is otherwise directed by a police officer or by any other lawful traffic regulating sign, signal or device.

SECTION 2—In accordance with the foregoing, the Municipal Council hereby authorize the erection and maintenance of an official "STOP" sign or "stop" signs so as to face:

1—North and southbound drivers on Magnolia avenue at Western avenue.

2—Northbound drivers on Centennial avenue at Washington st.

3—Southbound drivers on Centennial avenue at Western avenue.

4—Southbound drivers on Prospect street at Main street.

SECTION 3—Any persons found guilty of violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be guilty of misdemeanor and may be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty dollars ($20.00) for each offence.

SECTION 4—All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

SECTION 5 — This ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after the expiration of ten (10) days from the date of its final passage.

In Municipal Council, April 13, 1932.

Passed first and second readings and to be enrolled.

ALLEN F. GRANT, City Clerk

In Municipal Council, April 13, 1932, Passed to be ordained.

ALLEN F. GRANT, City Clerk

CITY OF GLOUCESTER

NOTICE

No person shall set, maintain or increase a fire in the open air between March 1st and December 1st except by written permission of the Chief of the Fire Department or the Fire Warden.

Persons wishing to burn rubbish, grass, etc., in the business or residential sections of the city, i. e. within the limits established by the Eastern avenue School on Eastern avenue and the cut bridge on Western avenue and the Green on Washington street, should apply to the Chief of the Fire Department. Those wishing to burn rubbish, brush, grass, etc., in the outlying portions of the city, that is outside of the limits as here set forth, whose fire would be on or near any wood, brush or grasslands, should apply to the Fire Warden.

Readers of this notice are cautioned to be extremely careful of matches, cigars and cigarettes while in or near any wood or brushland to prevent forest fires.

HOMER R. MARCHANT,
Chief of the Fire Department.
ALBERT C. LA BELLE,
Fire Warden.

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OUR door is always open. And we are always glad to show visitors the fascinating processes employed in our plant. See how we take fish fresh from the ocean and prepare them for the tables of America's discriminating housewives. There is no more interesting sight in all of quaint old Gloucester.

If it were only possible to transport some of the charm of Gloucester back home—its romantic harbor, its curious old streets and homes, its atmosphere of the sea. Although this is impossible you may have a reminder of pleasant Gloucester days in sending to your home some of our delicious fish products. For this purpose we put up a special combination box. It is an attractive carton containing a popular assortment of Gorton's Sea Foods. Neatly packed ready for shipment. These tasty and popular sea foods will introduce you to new delights in fish eating.

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GORTON'S MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER
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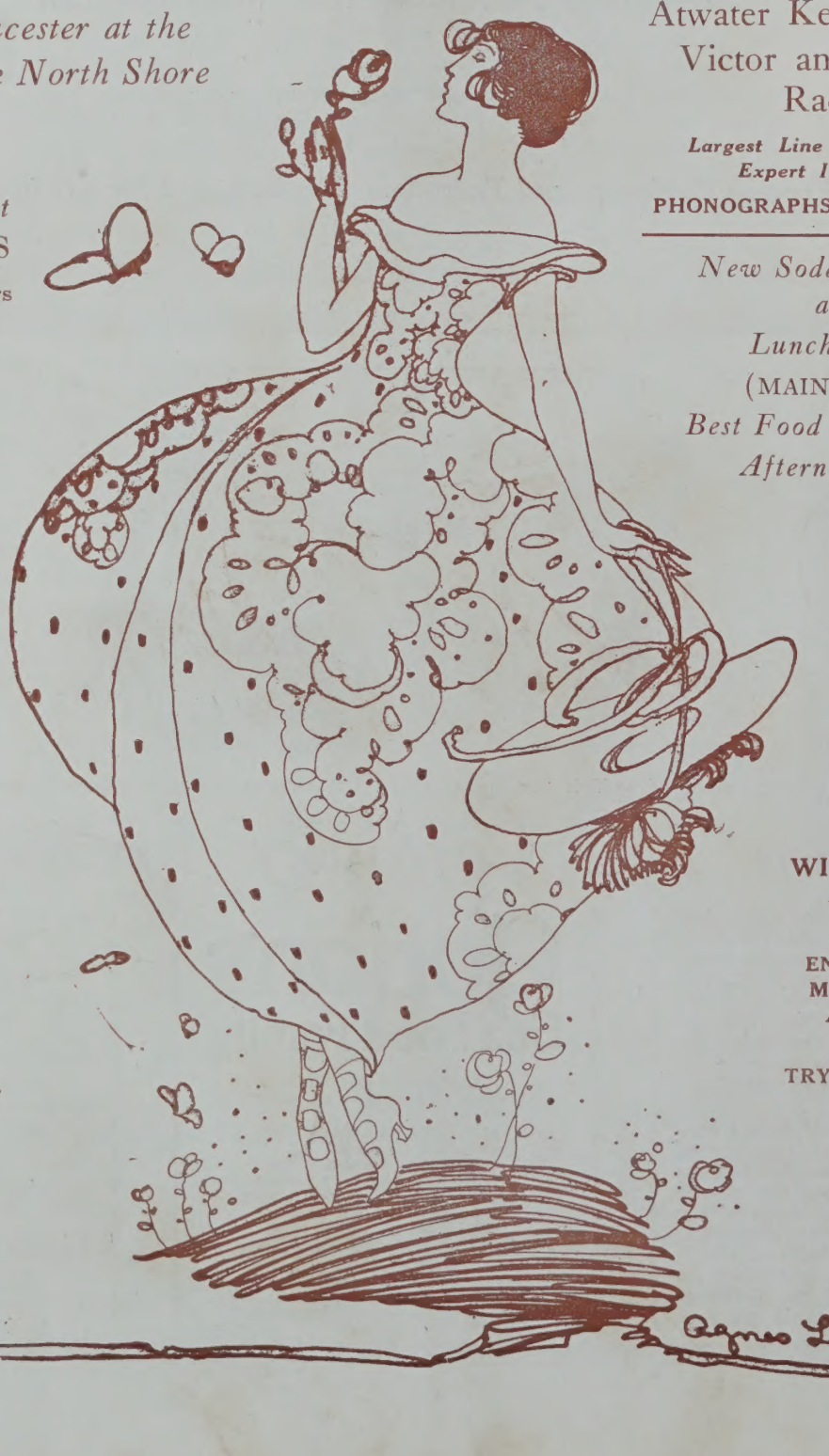

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